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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DOOM OF A DENOUNCER.

KNOUTED TO DEATH BY THE SWEETHEARTS OF THE MEN HE HAD BETRAYED—HOW THREE NIHILIST GIRLS OF KIEF METED OUT JUSTICE TO A TRAITOR BEFORE HE COULD ENJOY THE REWARD OF HIS TREASON.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE iron men throughout the country are proving themselves men of iron.

THE actors have returned to the Square to enjoy all the indelicacies of the season.

DEATH does the horological racket round Guitau's cell, now. And yet he will not be convinced.

EX-GOVERNOR Moses, of South Carolina, has been sent to Blackwell's Island for six months. This completes his record and settles his status.

THE fashionable parsons are in a quandary to settle where they shall go for the summer vacation. We know where we would send them if we had the say.

If the German Baptists who baptize in water are called Dunkards, isn't Drunkards the proper title of the obscene dramatic sect that baptizes in beer in the Union Square dives?

THAT very fresh horn-tooter, Levy, got a thrashing in New Orleans for trying his eye-glass and Coney Island manners with the ladies of New Orleans a couple of weeks ago.

JUDGE JEFFRIES, of Denver, still holds the medal awarded him as the champion liar of the world. We will back him against all comers—even members of the Texas Legislature.

THE crop of desperadoes is not likely to run out in the west. Of ten murders committed in one week in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Ohio, eight were the deeds of boys under sixteen.

MATRIMONY is going out of fashion in some parts of the west because the lawyers have put up the ante for divorce proceedings. They'll have to come down or Cupid will boycott them altogether.

THE camp-meeting season does not promise well this year. Have the husbands and fathers of the sisters experienced a general tumble to the soft racket of the preachers in these camps of the godly?

A MR. KERR, of Indianapolis, Ind., objects to our exposure of the parsons' wickedness. He wants us shut up, or gagged, or something like that. But we laugh at his snarls—this Kerrs will be a cur, you know.

WHAT are we going to do with the nigger singers who are parading as Signori? Won't you, Mr. Haverly, please come back and make Mastodons of them? It is awful to have them threatening to come out in opera.

To our correspondents in Texas, we say: Will we buy those "striking" capting morality-howling legislators? By no means. It is they who will pay for their blunder, not us—and we'll make them pay dearly, too, for their brazen "sake."

How marvellous that people do not combine and hunt down tramps until their summer trips become not only unpopular but too dangerous for a regular custom. We are led to these reflections by the reports of late outrages attributed to this worthless class. They should be hunted down and put in workhouses, or in extreme cases, suspended from the trees as landscape decorations in the far western style.

THE monopolists have taken dangerous ground in beginning their juggling with the prices of beef. It is more dangerous to pinch a man's stomach than to amputate his moral rights or to ram religion down his throat on Sundays.

STILWELL, an ex-Judge, is down with Engelman, at Brighton Beach track. The proprietor will turn the hose on and double his Ridgewood tax to make him assume a sanitary flavor for the nonce, and the public, therefore, cannot fail to be satisfied.

It is a pity for Frank Pixley, that the San Francisco Argonaut is not on our exchange list. If it had been, Pixley would have read our exposure of the Tichborne claimant, and the swindle that was perpetrated on him would have been impossible.

THE POLICE GAZETTE will furnish graphic accounts of the Guitau execution, with truthful illustrations from sketches made on the spot by our special artists. The POLICE GAZETTE can be depended on to give him as good a send off as he deserves, even though the hangman may fail.

THE wife and mother of Frank James, visited Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, on the 3rd inst., to secure the pardon of the outlaw. This ends the dime-novel series. The border hero who sues for pardon ceases to be a hero and cannot command the worship of the small boy of the period.

GUITEAU is the most pig-headed convict that ever fell into the clutches of the law. The vain monster still clings to the belief that President Arthur is going to save him in dramatic style at the last moment. He will not believe he is booked for the other world till old Charon paddles towards him through the dark Styx and tells him to jump aboard.

IN the forty days just preceding June 3, there were four men and one woman stabbed to death in New Orleans. This brings the Crescent City forward in rivalry with the newer and more enterprising, not to say bloody, settlements of the wild territories. It begins to seem like the old times "befo' the wa'" when the south gives us such news as this.

CHARLES WEBBER, another insane asylum convict, escaped on the 7th inst. from the asylum at Trenton, N. J. He made a rope of his bed clothes and let himself out of his window. He was serving a term of five years for an attempted murder. These madmen seem to be able to give points to their jailers every time, and it is an open question which are the fools—the atlents or their keepers?

WE have set all the "snide" actors and musical failures howling. Now will somebody get up a subscription to send them across the sea? To complete their education? Oh, no, they don't understand their own language yet. Let them go as a return to the Italians for sending us their lazzaroni. Let's send all the talent back at once as a terrible retaliation for their brigands and ruffians of every degree. It will be a terrible atonement—almost too bad, indeed.

ANOTHER philanthropist of the Cowley breed has turned up in New York. Of course his racket was sanctimonious religion and he made his living through hastening babies through the short religious cut to heaven. And yet fellows of this calibre have the assurance to decry us. We wouldn't swap chances with them for a pair of gilded wings in the other world. At any rate we don't wish to occupy the same heaven with such cruel hypocrites. We would fight, sure.

A CUNNING old rooster is that Deacon Richardson, of Brooklyn. He has acknowledged his sin in laying a street railroad on a Sunday to rob the citizens of their rights, but he has made plenty of money by it, and he can pay enough tribute from the boodle to grant him admission through the back way to the little heaven reserved for all Baptists who have not been found out. It's lucky the deacon wasn't a poor man when he was detected, he would have been flung into the fiery pit, sure. There's where all poor sinners go. In religion as in the law, it is only the rich who can afford an appeal with a chance to escape on a technicality.

WE are proud of the POLICE GAZETTE, and are not ashamed to go into court anywhere and compare it in regard to moral tone, honesty of purpose, intelligence, decency, and journalistic vigor or vim, with any journal of any kind in this country. We can make the comparison and win our standing before any intelligent jury; and this is just what we intend to do in Texas or in any other state where a sneaking crew of sister-coddling hypocrites undertakes to deprive us of our rights. We are clean and vigorous and have nothing to be ashamed of. We'll make a good fight every time and don't you forget it.

THIS for several snide actors now in town. We have our own opinion of full-grown men who answer to such pet names as Willie, Bobbie, Johnnie, etc., and we are never mistaken in our estimate of them, which, if stated, they would consider a very insulting one, we have no doubt.

JUDGE JEFFRIES, of Denver, has lost caste among his more or less fair friends of the bagnios since the POLICE GAZETTE stated that he has no influence to get their pictures in the paper. Too bad, Judge, it is true, but then you can't expect us to pay for those things, you know.

THE public has lost interest in the Malley case, and it will not be revived until "the boys" and Blanche have their grand reception under the auspices of the first society of New Haven. There must be "something rotten in Denmark," when such an event is even possible of anticipation.

MIRACLES have broken out again in the colored churches of Richmond, Va. A little "coon" of the congregation has been stricken dumb for lying. If this is going to spread to the white folks and all liars are to be deprived of speech, what a silent world it will be. What will become of all the lawyers and parsons in that event?

THERE is a sad lack of ingenuity this season in big fish and snake stories, and blood-curdling yarns about rabies and the little boy who got the hydrophobia because he played base ball instead of going to Sunday school, there are none at all in market. What has become of the boss liars of this great, glorious and religious country?

THOSE Texas legislators who think they can exercise arbitrary power in violation of the Constitution are going to get a terrible tumble, and we are going to do it. Can't sell the POLICE GAZETTE in Texas? Well, you just wait, boys; we're going to see about that. Law costs money, does it? Well, we've got the money and we'll have the law raked over until we have had those snivelling legislators branded as the regular backwoods asses they are.

THERE is no doubt of it the south is coming back to the bellicose attitude of its halcyon ante-bellum days. Here are two New Orleans editors fighting a bloody duel in a slaughter house, exchanging five shots, and one of them being knocked out with a bullet wound in both thighs. Very sorry, boys, that the Sullivan-Ryan fight which the POLICE GAZETTE presented as a study to you, has had no better effect than this. How much better it would be to send on a deposit to us and get knocked out with the gloves instead of with a pistol shot. Think this over the next time. We take the trouble to give this advice because good fellows like Major Burke are scarce, and there is no use in wasting them in the barbarous practices of the duello.

ISN'T it funny how arrogant a hypocrite becomes the moment he thinks he's got a dead sure thing on heaven. He isn't willing to grant liberty of action or conscience to any other being. Those Texas legislators, for instance, who are trying to rule the POLICE GAZETTE out of the state, wouldn't allow their fellow man to choose his own diet or wear clothing of a cut that suited him, if they dared go so far in their arrogance. You can always buy such "uncoguid" people, we have remarked, and they expect *douceurs*, just as every parson takes kindly to donation parties and contributions. But we have refused to buy off this canting legislature. We refused to stave off these proceedings through the lobby "strikers." We prefer to fight this sneaking crowd openly on our rights and on the merits of our case. We have for our motto the famous and lucky aphorism, "Not one cent for tribute—millions for defence."

MODERN superstition has been refined down to the sharpest point in Boston. There, on the 4th inst., Mrs. Mary B. S. Eddy, the well-known spiritualist and founder of the sect known as "Christian Scientists," complained that her husband had died a few days before with the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. These symptoms had been superinduced, she claimed, by "malicious mesmerism" practiced on him by an enemy. This same person had so affected her that she had imagined herself poisoned by arsenic, and her delusion was so great that she manifested all the symptoms. She succeeded in throwing off the influence, but her husband succumbed to it, and died in the belief that he had been poisoned. The law, in its commonplace work-a-day way of viewing this sort of science, is going to tackle this mesmeristic mystery on the basis of reality, and with an utter disregard for the principles of magic. If mesmerism had only the effect of convincing people that their time to die had come, there could be no reasonable objection to it; but unfortunately, it not only galvanizes some old corpses into life, but makes them believe they are the greatest creatures in the world.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE world moves because it can not pay rent.

EPITAPH for the spring lamb—Peas to his ashes.

WHISKY is the liveliest "still" born child on record.

A MAN must be very ill indeed when he throws his hat up.

It isn't the girl that is loaded with powder that goes off the easiest.

ALWAYS ready to take a hand in conversation—deaf and dumb people.

A MAN does not necessarily talk cent's when he speaks in money-syllables.

WHY is a locomotive like a beefsteak? Because it is too fat for nothing without it's tender.

WHICH is heavier, a half or a full moon?—The half; because the full moon is as light again.

THE latest way to make fun of a fellow's big feet is to tell him he is taller lying down than he is standing up.

THE high price of beef is gradually drawing the yellow dog into the hot vortex of the Bologna sausage factory.

THERE is a St. Louis man who has not laughed in twenty-six years. He is boarding with his mother-in-law.

ALL Indian remedies for bringing out new hair will be regarded with distrust by a man who has been once scalped.

PATTI is thirty-nine years old, and has been just that old so long she is used to it and it doesn't worry her a cent's worth.

HEAR the man swear. What a rage he is in. He will raise the roof. The man has a copy of yesterday's paper. He thought it was to-day's.

"SOME people," says Alphonse Karr, "are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses. I always thank her for having put roses on thorns."

"How old are you?" said an ancient dame to a grinning little tar-pot. "Well, if I goes by what mudder says, I is most 10, but if I goes by de fun I se had, I se most 100."

"You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

A BLUE law made it a criminal offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and on that day the pilgrim papas had to content themselves with kissing the wives of their neighbors.

"WHAT made the mule kick you?" they asked of a gentleman who had been seen flying through the roof of a barn. And he answered: "Do you think I was fool enough to go back and inquire?"

IT is now fashionable in New York to have small children for bridesmaids. Out West it is fashionable to have the small children come along some considerable time after the wedding is over.

A DARKEY, after falling from a two-story window and striking his head first on the pavement, got up and said to an alarmed spectator: "I cl'ar to goodness, if I fell anoder story I'd a broke dat stone."

AN old lady in Texas was taking her first ride in the cars the other day. When the train ran off the track. "You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?" she asked of a bystander, as she brushed the dirt from her garments.

SHE: "Why is it that when we were lovers, you always got me a box at the theater, and covered the front with bouquets, but now you buy seats in the dress circle?" HE: "At that time your father paid for your bonnets."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charley would divide it."

-LITTLE Patti
Has crossed the sea,
In London now you'll find her,
Next fall she'll return,
As her fingers will burn
For the money she left behind her.

A GIRL heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say: "I hope he is no relative of yours, miss?" Quick as a thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

JONES, who possesses no musical ear, was hugely enraptured at the vocal fireworks of a poor singer at a recent concert. "Don't you think she is splendid?" he inquired of a musician near by. "I think she is a glorious screecher," was the truthful response and Jones was satisfied.

I DAWNCE and dawnce and dawnce
Whenever I've a chance
And often I attend the gaudy races.
Some day I'll go to Frawnce
And duel with a lawnce—
I'm getting on in all the Christian graces!

"Is it not beautiful sweetheart?"
"What?" asked George W. Simpson, looking tenderly into the deep blue eyes of Daphne McCarthy as they were raised to his, and glancing around in a nervous, steer-caught-in-the-corn way.

"Why the sweet perfume that is being wafted to us on the June air," said the girl, shifting her chewing gum as she spoke. "Do you not feel the sensuous languor that is all about us—the subtle perfume that seems to have kissed the air with dewy fragrance?"

The wistful, fear-haunted look came again into the man's face. He sniffed the air in several directions, and there came upon the perfect features of his Wabash avenue face a smile of calm content. "Yes, my darling," he said, bending over the girl, "I tumble now."

"And what is this perfume, George?" the girl asked. "Can you not tell me, darling?"

"You bet I can, my angel," replied George speaking in tones of passionate tenderness. "They are going to have corned beef for supper in the next house."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Dirty Daisies of the Stage and Their Latest Racket.

A Society of Lady Elks That Will Strive to Give the Whole Thing Away and Verify all Scandals.

"THE SLIPPED PANTALON." The old ninny who wrestles for Maggie Duggan's slipper in the parquette of Tony Pastor's Theatre.

BROCOLINI will never become an artist until he learns that an actor who "talks with his mouth" off the stage is liable to give himself away.

THE idea of that turgid bundle of viscera, Charley Walcott demanding \$300 a week for playing the character in the "Two Orphans." It is only such alleged actors who can get a "gut" and make it pay.

If Lizzie Harold knows how to take advantage of free advertising, she will dry her eyes, buy a drama, and go out starring next season. The back-handed notices she has been getting lately have only added to her Comley-ness.

FOR a man who graduated into dramatic business by acting as apprentice to Moody and Sankey, carrying a sandwich for them and peddling their hymn books, Behman, of the Brooklyn Morgue Theatre, puts on a great many unclerical frills.

FOR an old cove Lester Wallack maintains his gratifying ways with exacting young women in a way that is astounding. How does he do it? All of the youngsters who are preparing for a merry old age would like to follow in his footsteps if they can.

HENRY IRVING and Ellen Terry are coming over next season. They will bring their own scenery and traps, but not their own families—Ellen will leave her husband home—Irring will dispense with his wife. These marital appendages will be unnecessary to the two artists under the circumstances.

THE filthiest of the menageries has not been more beastly than the prowling caravans of Theatres that have afflicted the country in every part during the season just closed. There is not a troupe that has come back without a scandal pinned to it. The stories are all alike, and grow monotonous from frequent repetition.

FAT Sam Colville is looking for an actor to play in his new English drama "Taken from Life." He must be able to furnish and ride a trained horse. Sam will find no difficulty in furnishing the regulation ass himself. The entire troupe is likely to have menagerie qualities, for some of the alleged artists engaged are a beastly set.

THE place of poor George Conly in the Emma Abbott troupe, will be filled next season by John Gilbert, who will prove a great acquisition to the company. His genuine talent and a fresh voice will be sufficient to save the party from the stabs of criticism, and to cover even the thin vocal qualities of the artist who heads the show.

WHEN foreign actors come here, they learn the amorous phase of the profession thoroughly; but when Salvini insists that he must have two leading ladies to alternate with, isn't he rather over-estimating his powers? We think he will find one well trained artist of the style now in vogue on the American stage, equal to a whole seraglio in effete Europe.

EVERY other actor or agent you meet on the Square these fair Summer days is ready to take your head off if you ask after his wife. The aggregate of actress wives who have skipped is enormous. There must have been something provocative of crookedness in the air last season. It was an open winter we know, but this general openness to scandal is a little more than we expected.

THE arrogance of some of the dramatic agents is astounding. There's that firm of Brooks & Dickson, for instance, dictating salaries to actors and threatening in their roundabout way to keep artists out of engagements if their dictum is not accepted. It is only the dramatic business that would tolerate such people as this healthy firm for a week, much less submit to being bullied by it.

WE understand that there are several parties talking very loudly in reprehension of our course towards them and in threatening tone. Among these are Jimmy of the Kiss and Sammy of the Entrails. We console this nasty pair by the statement that we are only getting our stomach into proper condition to bear the effluvia of a general raking over of their dirty dramatic processes.

THE snide artistes of Brooklyn and elsewhere who talk loudly about libel make no sign except by the tongue. Why the foul wretches who have lived on women and have debauched their profession until it is a stench in decency's nostrils, should thank us for having let them down so easily, and with so much consideration for their leprous condition. Suppose we had dropped them, or had sat on them? Draw it mild, then, Signors, Messieurs, or Misters, or fakirs of whatever degree of dramatic pretence. We don't scare worth a cent.

THE Kiralfy Brothers are preparing Bartley Campbell's new and original spectacle on an extravagant scale of splendor. The wonder is that they are laying out their money although there is to be no ballet in the piece. The scene is laid in Siberia. Campbell is the best of our dramatists and can write such a play as will require actors to play it. The brothers will probably expect the expensive scenery to carry the work, and Bartley is going to have a devil of a time convincing them that other artists beside scene painters and costumers should get a share of the money outlay.

THERE'S one thing dead sure. You can't shut the mouths of the members of travelling dramatic companies, when the wickedness of other dramatic companies is in question. Here's a tough yarn they have brought back all across the continent from the Pacific Coast, to buzz about the Square. They say it was remarked during last season that when the Comley-Barton comic opera troupe arrived in 'Frisco, all the women were dowdies and the men were dandies. When the company went away after a few weeks' engagement, all the women were covered with silks and jewels and the men were in rags. Now by what

secret of dramatic or operatic metamorphosis do you account for that?

REV. DR. HOUGHTON got himself into a pretty mess when he encouraged the mob of fakirs to make him their agent and his church their agency, to fill time for them in their heavenly engagements. He makes money by the connection we have no doubt, but some of the *al fresco* marriages he is called on to perform must make his gorge rise. And then the mob that comes to funerals to catch the eye of the reporter for the press and get themselves advertised. Faugh! the whole thing is disreputable. When Houghton is translated himself and sees the broken matches and soiled angels he has ticketed, he'll probably start through the heavenly demesne with a shot gun instead of a harp, to fire out the seraphic libels.

COLONEL THEODORE MORRIS, of Columbus, O., has taken the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on a five years' lease. Another theatrical colonel in Brooklyn! We predict that we will at the end of another season find that city an empty shell with no *arnal* at all in it. Morris is a good fellow with a bad judgment. He is a fat man with a thin policy, a good fellow with a bad respect, a Christian gentleman who goes to an alleged moral town to fall victim to the most ungodly set of canting hypocrites who ever sneaked into the back door of a gin mill and decrified their neighbors for drinking beer openly at dinner. They had better enlarge the lunatic asylum at Columbus to receive him when he gets back from his Brooklyn experience.

CHARLEY THORNE is going to be the prize "kicker" next season. His starting tour will furnish fun for all observers, for Palmer is tricky and determined to make him sick of starring, while he is "fly" to Palmer's tricks and bent on establishing himself. We don't hear anything about the provision of relays of actresses for him as in the case of Salvini. When Charley learns that it is the style to cater to all a great star's tastes, however low, he will probably insist on having the same treatment. If Palmer thinks he is going to break down his man easily he is sadly mistaken. Charley is still good for all the "special support" you can hire for him. We'll back the American against even the lusty Italian tragedian at that branch of the dramatic art.

THE proceedings of a lot of alleged "blooms," who have infested Tony Pastor's and the Bijou Opera House for several weeks like impotent pups sniffing around the "talent" provided to stir their olfactory, are disgusting. Why give opera the fashions of the kennel, or the dog show? Has all decency departed? The reputable part of the audience is aware of the meaning of these nosings and flutterings. And they are so bold and public, too. Why, there isn't even the suggestion of the old proposition to "pull down the blind." At the rate things are being carried on we shall not be surprised if, some night the mob of callow youth raid the stage at Tony's or the Bijou and carry out the dramatic argument with all the realism of fidelity to nature that are said to distinguish Chinese dramatic art.

PATTI, when she comes here next season under Mapleson's management, is to live with her suite in a palace car, eschewing the hotels altogether, and will bring two cooks along to minister to her appetite. This is not airs, it is wisdom. There is no such thing as even tolerable hotel cooking out of New York. Patti has had experience and is wise in avoiding indigestion. When we wonder over the frequent outrages and hangings in the West, we fall to consider the real cause—the quality and cookery of the food which inspires fiendish thoughts while wrestling with the digestive juices. Patti, after tackling such hash for a second season, would probably be in a fit mood to murder Nicolini and even Mapleson—though, we don't know that this would be considered a great disaster to the public, after all.

WELL! we are coming to "the jumping off place," and we are arriving at it p. d. q. indeed. Here is an order of "Lady Elks"—so entitled regardless of the anachronism of sex—but what does it matter to them, such stage dears?—Can't there be female "bulls" as well as the male species? These "ladies," led by Pearl Eytine and Vernona Jarbeau have begun the summer vacation by organizing Sunday excursions up the North River to Iona Island and elsewhere, with accompanying "beer rackets" and other sylvan sports. Well, there will be some fine dramatic doings in the sylvan groves. It seems that the women of the stage are determined that all their villainess shall be paraded in public for inspection so that there may be no doubt about it. If there be any people who doubt our aspersions thus far, they will have visible proofs before the Lady Elks have got through with their first excursion, that the colors we have used were not half black enough.

DRAMATIC and musical art on the advance, eh? Oh, yes. Taste is improving. Even Tony Pastor can make his variety theatre a temple of comic opera; and plays the racket to immense houses. Oh, come now, you can give that kind of a stand-off to the greenhorns, but you mustn't try it on with us, Tony, for we won't have it. There's Maggie Duggan kicking a slipper into the audience every night and all the fools "with a big, big D" scrambling for it and drinking wine out of it after the show. Musical art! What do you take us for? Don't we know your bill every week for odd slippers is larger than the expense for colored printing? That style of art always paid in New York, but when they tried it on at Egyptian Hall, the police raided the place and scooped in the artistes and their devotees one fine night. Perhaps the coming of Oscar Wilde has educated and refined the peckers up to the proper art pitch since, but that fact does not alter the quality of the art—it's the same old Maillie style of thing. We recognize it, and don't you forget it.

THREE well-known business managers and four equally well-known actors, are pointed out with pride by an equal number of painted, bedizened and prosperous courtisans of the great city, who claim them as their own. They mean that they first recognized the good looks of the men named, took them in hand, made them presents, clothed them, and still contribute to their support. These are the steps by which men rise in this delectable profession. And yet we see them daily disporting on the Square in the finest sort of vice-purchased raiment. And do they blush? Nary time. They talk about the purity of the drama, the cleanliness of the stage, the purity of the players and all that sort of thing. They howl the loudest when you hint that the dramatic methods of the day lead only to the manufacture of actress prostitutes and actor pimps. And yet the proposition is true, all the same, and they are the living proofs of it. We would name all these beastly ones, but we haven't the space and don't feel justified in publishing a directorial supplement.

THE benefit racket is being played in Boston this season. All the managers take a whack at the public, then they give their mistresses a chance to raise a fund to support them through the dull season at no expense to the house, then everyone down to the ushers and bill posters gets a chance, and finally the crooked critic who has been beslaivering the manager's mistress with praise as an artiste during the season, is also permitted to appear as a dramatic mendicant on the bills. They are bold and bare-faced in their beggary in Boston. In New York they are a little more cunning. When a manager finds himself short on his mistress's board bill, he suddenly discovers that some great calamity has stirred his sympathetic soul, or that a relief fund for actors is an absolute necessity. He thinks that the public should contribute to this fund, so he gets up a benefit and starts all the police force selling tickets. The sum he scoops in without actually appearing a beggar himself, enables him to maintain the airs of a millionaire, keep his extravagant daisy quiet, and give the grand laugh to his more provincial Boston brother.

THE Conly benefit, as we suspected, was simply a benefit for John McCullough, Clara Morris and others of their ilk, instead of being a real generous aid to the family of the dead artist. These sere and yellow actors gave nothing but their services, although they are rich. That actor's fund did not furnish a cent for the dead actor either. Didn't we say the Fund was a "skin" and that whatever went in would never come out? Where are the howlers now who were so loud in their protests against our condemnation of those worthy, reliable and triple X branded "honest" managers who got the fund in their claws? If any cause should wring the dollars out of the pinching grasp of the custodians of that fund, it is that of a dead actor's suffering family. But you couldn't make the managers see this, though you provided them the longest range telescope. They see no further than their own interest, as we said in the beginning. The Actor's Fund has gone where the Brooklyn Fire Fund went. You'll hear no more about either, and it will be considered an insult if you frame any questions on the subject. The managers have got the religious racket down fine and applied it to the drama—you must accept everything on faith. If you don't believe blindly and implicitly in the straightness of the crooked and the purity of the foul, there can be no drama and the stability of things is threatened. Therefore let us all be blind.

THE keeper of the only hotel of any account in Salamanca, N. Y., had been reading of the doings of crooked actors and actresses, and determined that there should be no such goings on in his caravan. On the 20th ult. a well known troupe was due there and finding that doubling the rates had no effect on the advance agent, and that they would come anyhow he laid himself out for them. The manager and leading man had telegraphed themselves to come on from New York and meet them at the hotel, not having seen them for three months during a tour that had extended over the far west and south. The ladies arrived first and were received with cold suspicion by the landlord, who placed them in rooms on the third floor. The company came six hours later, and the landlord was up to receive them. He had assigned all the ladies to the third floor and all the gentlemen to the fourth, while the hall of the female dormitories was patrolled by a strong force of waiters and stable boys. The manager made a bolt for his wife's room but was necked and repulsed.

"Where are you going?" asked the landlord.

"Why, to my wife's room!" said the angry manager.

"Your wife! ain't you ashamed of yourself?" retorted the Boniface with bitter sarcasm.

"Ashamed of myself? Not at all," protested the manager, who was joined by the leading man who was furious under similar treatment.

"Now see here," said Boniface in virtuous indignation: "You women and men must keep apart while you're here. Stay just where I put you or you'll go out of the house." And he enforced the rule. Female virtue was ensured and the separation of the sexes was rigidly enforced during the two night's sojourn of the company. For the first time on the trip there was no doubling up. The wives of the manager and the leading man were not even allowed to kiss their husbands good-bye when they separated to catch early morning trains. That Salamanca hotel keeper may think he did a good work, but we can assure him to the contrary. Those two wives put their heads together and concluded that the whole thing was a plot and that he lent himself to the schemes of their husbands' mistresses to keep them asunder. That's what sort of a reputation you get, old Salamanca, when you undertake to reform the drama. You can't touch pitch without being defiled; but you, why, you're as black as if you had taken a bath in it.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

M'LE ROSE DE VERDI, a tight rope walker who had been making a sensation in Galveston, Texas, for a couple of weeks by walking a rope stretched across the streets from the house tops, for the money emolument of her husband, Prof. De Verdi, who refused to give her a cent of her earnings, ran away from him on the 20th ult. She claims to belong to one of the first families of Virginia, says her real name is Rose Hampton, and that she was foolish enough to run away from her father's farm with the circus professor when she was only 16 years old, but that he had always abused and beaten her, and she had at last determined to bear it no longer.

THERE was fun in a Cincinnati court on the 1st inst. Mrs. Kate Garmore, a tall, handsome fashionably-dressed brunette, accused the Ehlers family, who live next door, of having provoked her to a breach of the peace. There was loud laughter when the Ehlers' servant explained that she and the hired man looked over the fence one day and seeing Mrs. Garmore sitting on the stoop with her dress disarranged shouted out, "Shoot them legs!"

KILLED BY HER RIVAL IN LOVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

This is love in North Carolina. At St. Paul, N. C., on the 2d inst., two young women, Jane McKellar and Francis McNair, rivals in the affections of an eligible young man, met late in the evening on the main road and had a fight. Jane, the heavier of the two, was finally thrown after a desperate struggle, but while lying on the ground drew a dagger and stabbed Francis to the heart. The latter gasped once and rolled over dead. Jane swooned at the sight of blood and fell insensible on the body of the woman she had slain.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Quips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Brat.

ON the 18th ult. Louis Muth and Sallie Taylor were married in Cairo, Ill., and went on a bridal trip to Pennsylvania where the bridegroom has relatives. They stopped at St. Louis on the way and leaving his bride at a hotel Muth went out for a short walk. When he returned she had eloped with an old lover of hers who had followed the happy pair on the same train and had taken advantage of the brief absence of the husband to urge his suit all over again and convince the bride it was not too late after all.

DR. A. S. MAY has loved a Miss Atwater, of Independence, Kansas, for 15 years—since their childhood. He proposed marriage a year ago and she fled to St. Louis, Mo. He tracked her there, and the other day, when she refused him for the twentieth time, tried to shoot himself, but she took the pistol away. Then she lit out for Adrian, Mich., where he again caught her. Again she refused, and he tried to drench her with vitriol. He was arrested and the courtship has been suspended by his relatives sending him to an inebriate asylum.

A FAIR widow of Yreka, Cal., named Mrs. Francis Filser, conducted a thriving mercantile business up to April 1, when she became the victim of a gay Lothario named Louis Houseworth, who made love to her and induced her to make a statement to him of her financial condition. He represented himself as the scion of a noble house in Germany, and she believed him. The date fixed on for the nuptials was April 1, but the suggestiveness of the day did not strike her then. Acting on his advice she sold out her business for \$500, which, added to her savings, made her little fortune \$1,300. Acting still on his advice she moved to California. The day chosen for the wedding Houseworth entered her room during her absence and got away with her \$1,300, a diamond ring worth \$300 and a brooch valued at \$100. Knowing nothing of her loss she attired herself for the wedding and waited all day in vain for the coming of the bridegroom. She is now hunting him through Colorado, and passed through Denver on the 20th ult. on a warm trail.

HARPOONING A PIRATE.

How Boatswain Jones Caught a Treacherous Chinaman and Saved His Ship.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ship *Mayville*, from Hong Kong Dec. 8, reports the loss of the Chinese cook taken aboard at San Francisco two months before. According to the mate it happened in this way:

The ship lay becalmed for two days off the coast in the most dangerous part of the sea infested by Chinese coast pirates. Several scouting craft were seen, but they kept at a distance. Finally, towards evening on the second day, a large junk hove in sight, making from the distant coast, and bearing down on the merchantman with the aid of sweeps. The pirate vessel was swarming with men and the outlook was a decidedly unpleasant one. The captain, however, put a bold face on the matter, and loading up the little twelve-pound howitzer, ran it out and fired a shot across the stranger's bow. Luckily, instead of going in front of the approaching craft, it ricocheted over, cutting away some of the upper works as it went and bringing the pirate vessel to a standstill. At this moment the boatswain, Bob Jones, noticed someone on the yards of the mainmast acting suspiciously. It was the Chinese cook, making signals to the pirate vessel. The captain ordered him down, but the fellow, taking in the situation at a glance, preferred to leap overboard and swim to reach the approaching vessel. He was in a fair way to accomplish this when the boatswain, who had been from New Bedford and had been a whaler, called away a boat's crew, took command, and, harpoon in hand, took his place in the bow and directed the pursuit. The boat soon overhauled the swimmer and Jones called on him to surrender. He dived to escape, but the old whaler swung the harpoon with unerring aim and the traitor was dragged struggling and bloody into the boat. When they got back a breeze sprung up just in time to carry the vessel out of the reach of the pirate.

The cook died of his wounds two days after, and there is to be an inquiry into the affair in Boston, at which port the vessel is due in another month.

A BATTLE WITH OUTLAWS.

A Murderer Captured After a Bloody Fight in the Mountains of Tennessee.

Last December a notorious desperado, Westley Whittaker, murdered a man named Gibbs and escaped. Detective Holt started on the trail and has been on the hunt ever since. Three weeks ago he ran his man down in the mountains of Tennessee near the borders of Northern Alabama. He found Westley in the company of his brother, "Crow" Whittaker, and a regular battle ensued. Two young men named Peter Rollins, aged only 18 and Millard Friley assisted Holt. Both sides were well armed with shot guns. Friley was wounded in the arm and leg, and the boy Rollins was shot in the head and bowels.

After the first volley Holt saw "Crow" Whittaker making ready to discharge the second barrel of his gun, but with a lucky shot from his revolver knocked the stock of the weapon from his grasp. The two desperadoes were then secured with the aid of other citizens, who had been drawn to the spot by the firing. The Whittakers are a family of outlaws who have committed many desperate deeds in Texas.

DOING THE SQUARE THING.

A Lynching Party Revises and Amends the Sentence of a Lenient Court.

A special train was run from Ashland, Ky., to Catlettsburg on the 3d inst. by a party of lynchers who made a sort of military picnic over the stringing up of George Ellis. He had betrayed his pals, Crafts and Neal, who had outraged and murdered the girls, Fannie Gibbons and Emma Thomas, on Dec. 23. In consideration for having turned State's evidence his sentence was made imprisonment for life, while the two other villains were condemned to the gallows. This did not suit the public, so the lynchers took a little trip to the jail, brought back Mr. Ellis in their special train and hanged him to a tree near the ruins of the house where his terrible crime had been committed. This settled it, and there will be no more legal debates over this branch of the awful question. Now the public can be depended on to see to it that the other villains meet their doom.

Those Fighting Parsons.

In a previous issue we adverted to the pugilistic scrap between two parsons at Fort Wayne, Ind., on May 22. In this issue we illustrate the interesting affair. Rev. Dr. Stemen, it will be remembered, preached on the evening of the 21st ult. in the Free Methodist Church at Fort Wayne on the text, "Keep Yourselves in the Love of God." A bitter feud existed between him and Dr. Sweeringen, an ex-parson. The latter attended church on the date named, accompanied by another enemy of Stemen's named W. H. Myers. After the sermon the parson came down from the pulpit and went for his two enemies, accusing them of making faces at him. It was only after much persuasion that the deacons could get him to forego his intent to put a head on the other parson right there and then, but at last they got him to return to the pulpit, where he delivered the benediction with a vengeance. On the morning of the 22d ult. Sweeringen had him arrested for provoking a breach of the peace, but when the parson met him in court he cut loose and "went for him bald-headed," knocking him down three times in succession, and requiring all the learned counsel and the court officers to take him off.



WILLIAM E. BROCKWAY,

THE KING OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.



CHARLES H. SMITH,

AN ACCOMPLICE OF BROCKWAY.

relatives is severely criticised by some of their friends, but they are strong religionists and console themselves by asserting that they not only profess but act up to the doctrine, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

A Terrible Murder.

In the early morning, on June 7, John Bayles, a farmer residing near Vienna, Ill., was reading in his sitting room by the light of a kerosene lamp. A party of burglars entered the house and surprised him. They bound his hands and feet and tied him to the chair; then, when he refused to tell where he had concealed his money they applied the lamp to his feet and blistered them terribly. Notwithstanding his agony the old farmer still refused to reveal where his treasure was. Then in a rage they split his head open with an axe, and after robbing the house escaped, leaving no clue to their identity or whereabouts.

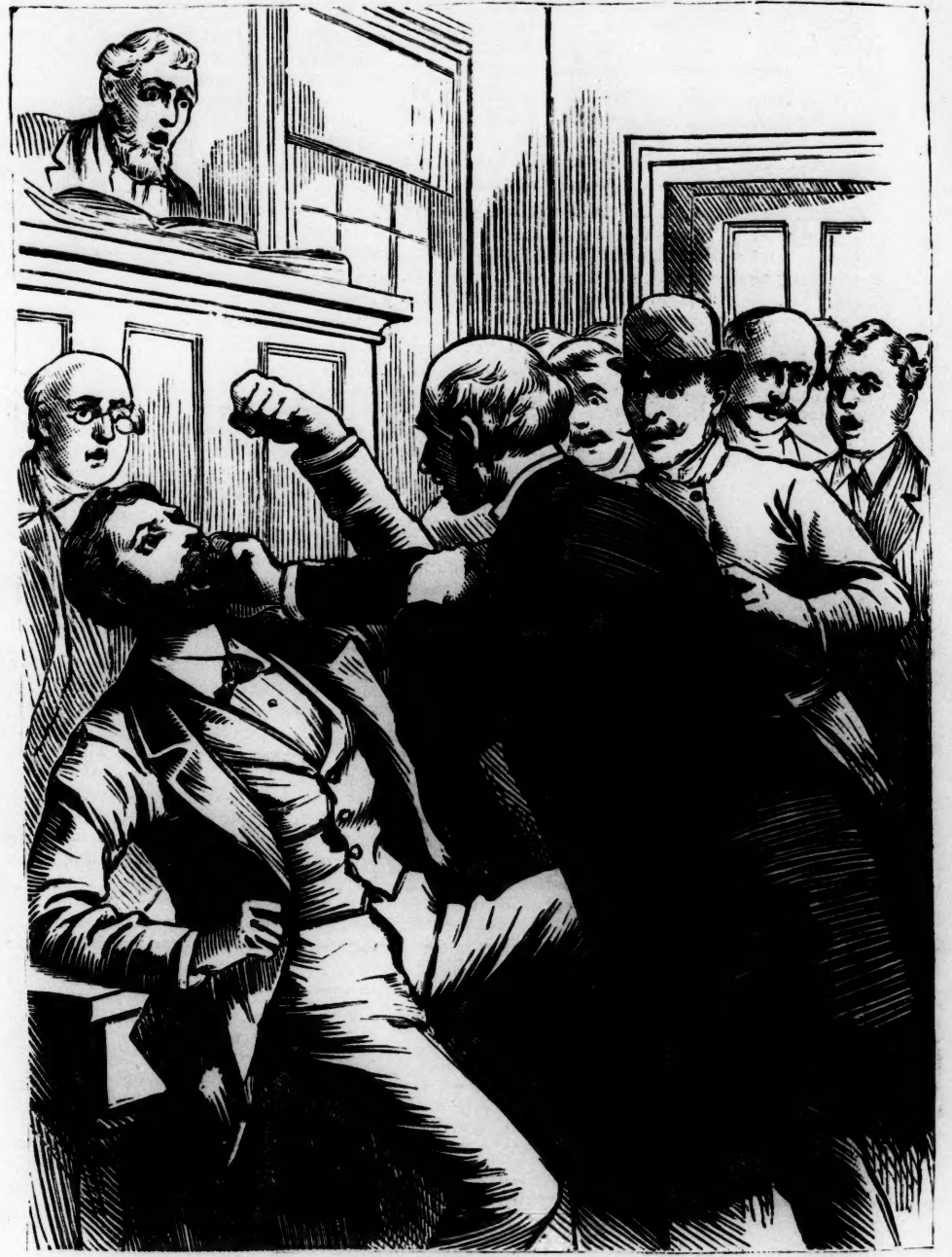
A Murderer's Accomplish.

The trial of Wm. Gemeinhart, charged with being accessory to the murder of Dr. Montezuma Hernstreet, was begun in Jefferson City, Mo., on the 22d ult. At midnight on the 2d of Septem-



DISCIPLINING A WIFE.

A LADY LED BY THE EAR FROM AN "OLIVETTE" MATINEE AT A LEADING CINCINNATI, O., THEATRE, BY HER INDIGNANT HUSBAND.



THE PARSONS' BATTLE.

TWO WRANGLING SHEPHERDS HAVE A FIGHT IN A COURT AT FORT WAYNE, IND.; THREE ROUNDS IN ONE MINUTE, BUT ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE POLICE.

We have been expecting a deposit for a match between these parties, but none has come to hand up to the hour of going to press. The law proceedings, of course, are unsatisfactory, and are dragging with their usual exasperating slowness.

Disciplining a Wife.

There was a stirring little scene enacted at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, at a matinee a couple of weeks ago. Catherine Lewis was kicking her stockings around in "Olivette," and the farandole had reached its most exciting pitch when a gentlemanly person rushed down the middle aisle and seizing a finely dressed lady by the ear led her out to the lobby where several gentlemen stopped him and demanded an explanation. He said he was the lady's husband, and



"CHIP" SMITH,

MURDERER, UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH AT ANSONIA, CONN.

that he had objected to her habit of going twice a week to the matinees and leaving her children to the mercy of servants. Already, owing to this neglect, one of his children had been run over and another was ill and needed its mother's care. The lady was overwhelmed with shame and indignation but made no reply, and followed her lord and master very meekly home. The couple have a high social standing, and this public scene between them caused great astonishment; but again the virtue of money was proven—they are declared by the considerate press of Porkopolis too wealthy to have their names published as the actors in so scandalous an affair.

"Chip" Smith and His Victim.

We give this week portraits of "Chip" Smith and the late Daniel J. Hayes, the late Chief of Police of Ansonia, Conn. The young man, "Chip," was a laborer who, it is claimed, is not blessed with the full share of intelligence allotted to young men of his age—24. Under the influence of liquor he murdered the policeman Hayes, and after a fair trial was sentenced to be hanged on the 5th inst. Great influence was brought to bear to save him, however, and a party of philanthropists even induced the wife and sister of the dead man to sign a petition to the Governor imploring him to spare the life of the murderer. The case has commanded much attention in Connecticut, even in the height of the Malley trial, which was supposed to be of overwhelming interest. The action of Hayes'



D. J. HAYES,

EX-CHIEF OF POLICE OF ANSONIA, CONN., MURDERED BY "CHIP" SMITH.

ber, 1881, the doctor rode up to Andy Bohnenberger's house near Stringtown, 13 miles from Jefferson City, and dismounting joined the crowd that had assembled to attend a dance given there. He had been drinking and had a quarrel with some young men, but was induced after some trouble to start for home again. He was found dead a short distance from the house in the early morning. At first it was thought he had been killed by a fall from his horse, but the inquest developed the fact that his skull had been crushed in by blows from an oak piling. Adam Nahoff was charged with the murder, and Gemeinhart and his brother John were arrested as accessories to the crime, and popular feeling is very strong against them.

She Was an Artist, She Was.

The woman with the iron jaw was in Chicago on the 3d inst. and there met by accident the young man with the iron gall. Between the pair they made up a very lively little circus. Signorina Wilson, who used to travel with the first-class troupes in the east, is now doing the far west with a circus side-show privilege which belongs to the brave man who married her. She is the woman, you will remember, who slings a pork barrel over her head gripping it in her teeth, and raises enormous weights with her stout molars. She has grown rich by this exercise of her jaw and her husband, strange to say, encourages this practice without the least forethought of any serious consequences to himself. The Signorina, as may be surmised from her professional achievements, is not the sort of woman to fool with. The young man with the



THE WOMAN WITH THE IRON JAW.

SHE MEETS THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE IRON "GALL" ON A CHICAGO STREET CAR AND GIVES HIM A SPECIMEN OF HER NERVE AND PROFESSIONAL SKILL.

Incensed beyond endurance she pounced on the little fellow with the fury of a tigress. Twirling him around she seized him with her teeth by the back of the neck and shaking him savagely as a terrier would a rat held him suspended for a moment and then dropped him in a mud puddle as the car rolled on. The rest of the crowd turned pale and gave her plenty of room as she walked into the crowded car. No masher has got any business fooling with her, no matter what is the quality of his "gall."

Annie Geyer and Her Murderer.

We present this week the portraits of Annie Geyer and Phillip Mathaeus, of Belleville, Ill. It will be remembered we reported the case of these young people a few weeks ago. On the 28th ult. Mathaeus, who had been jilted by the young girl, who belonged to his church and taught with him in the Sunday-school, followed



GRIZZLY JOHNSON,

FAMOUS SCOUT AND HUNTER; FORT YATES, DAKOTA.

iron gall, however, always rushes in where champion pugilists or wrestlers would hesitate to "put up."

This young man was standing on the rear platform of a Chicago street car on the 3d inst. when the Signorina filled it. When she got on, fashionably dressed and good looking, the fellow with the ferruginous quality gave her as little room as possible and as she crowded by managed to throw his arms around her in an apparently accidental embrace which ended in a meaning pinch which gave the whole thing away. The Signorina turned with danger in her blazing eyes.

"Keep your hands off, puppy," she exclaimed. "Keep your raiment on, sis, don't get mad 'cause I didn't kiss you," retorted he, "I didn't like to before folks."

The rough crowd on the platform laughed at the pretty woman's apparent discomfiture and



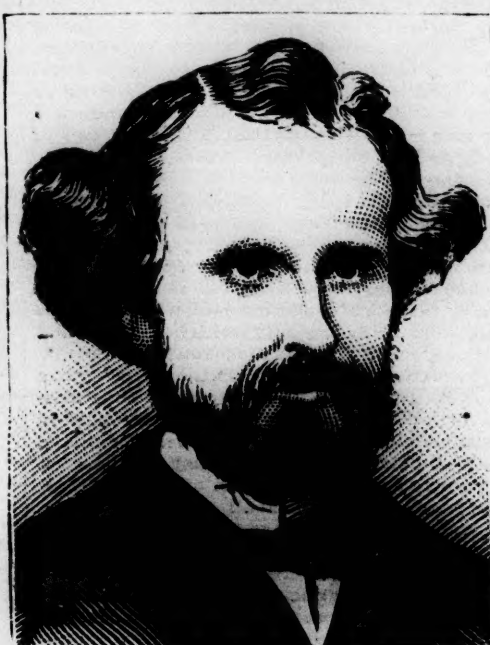
ANNIE GEYER,

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER; MURDERED BY HER JILTED LOVER AT BELLEVILLE, ILL.



PHILIP MATHAEUS,

OF BELLEVILLE, ILL., MURDERER OF ANNIE GEYER.



WILLIAM H. RAMSDOLL,

WHO MIS-MANAGED THE OLD GENTS' HOME AND STARVED THE CHILDREN; N. Y. CITY.

her to a picnic ground near Belleville and shot and killed her in cold blood. The respectable connections of the parties and the previous good character of the murderer made a great sensation.

A Robber's Religious Den.

An electric light company recently established in Dallas, Texas, purchased for its headquarters an old church which had not been occupied for several years. In tearing it out for renovation the other day there were found under the floors several large packages of dynamite, full kits of burglars' tools, plans of banks, masks, etc. The church had been used as the headquarters of a gang of bank robbers and no one had ever suspected it. They are not the only villains who have found it safe to mask their villainy with the church. Religion covers many worse who have not been found out.



MISS LILIAN OLCOTT.

[Photo. by Sarony.]



HARRY M. BROWN.

[Photo. by Marc Gumbier.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York," "Furo Exposed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DRAGSMAN AND THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

The minor "crookednesses" of the metropolis are legion. Many of them have been described in the "Mantraps of New York." Of those not alluded to there the work of the "dragsman," or merchandise thief, is one of the most interesting. The *modus operandi* of the dragsman is as follows:

They spot a dray with a valuable load of silks or other goods and accost the driver with the inquiry, "Which way he is going?" and being told he is asked if he will just take a package on for him. It being on his way and as he cannot make a dollar any easier, he is only glad to accommodate and is sent up two or three flights after the package, while the thief jumps on the dray and hurriedly drives a way to some place of storage where he safely deposits his plunder, while the truckman has been into the several rooms of the building in search of the imaginary package. Probably the most expert and successful operator in this line is one Mahony, alias King, but more generally known by the title of Jack Sheppard, which name he obtained from the facility with which he got into and out of nearly every prison in the country.

There are truckmen who practice the "drag" game themselves. In the year 1883 many of the large mercantile houses of this city, whose customers resided in the distant sections of the Union, particularly in the South, West and Southwest, were sorely perplexed at being regularly apprised that cases of goods received by their purchasers did not at all agree with the invoices accompanying them and in many instances merchandise of an inferior quality had been substituted for the articles bought. At first it was suspected that the steamship and railroad companies were guilty of the wrong doing, but as the complaints did not seem to diminish the matter was put in the hands of the police, who succeeded in placing the blame upon the shoulders of the cartmen who had been intrusted with the shipping of the goods. The latter, it was discovered, after receiving the cases for shipment in good order, instead of proceeding to the vessel or freight depot where they could ship them, were accustomed to drive to certain "fences" and there open a case or two, extract certain valuable pieces and substitute for them goods of an inferior quality, furnished by the keeper of the "fence." The first cartman arrested confessed that he alone had stolen in this manner \$10,000 worth of goods in twelve months and it was a matter of impossibility to place any figure on the amount of the thefts.

The highway robber no longer bestrides his gallant steed, with a black mask over his face, and calls upon the passing traveler to stand and deliver, but he has a successor in New York. There are thieves who make a business of this most daring and open form of robbery and their success is commonly as amazing as their audacity.

The reader will doubtless recall the instances of certain late robberies in Brooklyn and in New York in which the cashiers and messengers of certain great manufacturing establishments, driving between their offices and their banks with large amounts of money in their possession, were coolly plundered by a band of thieves, who drove up to them in another vehicle with a fast horse between the shafts. These knights of the road form a small and compact class and are among the most dangerous criminals in existence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WINDOW THIEVES, GARBOTTERS, DOG STEALERS AND THE "KINCHIN LAY."

Another distinct class of "crooks" are the window thieves. These men will shatter a plate glass window with a blow of their elbow and decamp with whatever valuables they can reach behind it. Jewellers' displays are frequent sufferers by the window thieves and in order to get at the tempting array of diamonds common in such show windows they have been known to shatter a plate of French glass nearly half an inch thick.

Garroting is still in vogue in the metropolis. Men are fallen upon and robbed by this process frequently, and now that the fashion of wearing diamonds in the street has become so common women fall ready victims. One rascal will throw his arm around a lady's neck in the public street, in broad daylight, and tear the solitaires from her ears while his accomplice will strip the rings from her fingers and the pair will make their escape in the face of hundreds of people who might readily secure their capture if they had the least presence of mind.

None of these methods of robbery, however, call for any special skill or preparation. Desperate boldness and strength are the chief requirements of those who practice them, and having these they need no more to ensure whatever success chance may grant them.

There is a form of theft practiced in the metropolis which is known as the "kinchin lay." It consists simply in robbing children who are sent on errands to the grocery or beer shop of the little money they carry. The "kinchin" thief (his slang title is derived from the flash name for child) is the very lowest of his class when he is a man. The women who practice it are usually crones who are so near their dotage that no other form of theft is open to them. The "kinchin" thief also steals papers from the doorsteps where they are left by the newsman, and milk jugs from the area ways where they are left to be filled. It is to the credit of American "crooks" that these knaves are, almost to a man, of English birth and begin their debased and cowardly careers in London and other British cities.

Another English institution which has found a place in the "crooked" life of Gotham is the dog thief. The dog thief is a formidable and dangerous depredator to the people who own any thing valuable in a canine way and as New York is famous for possessing the best stock of that sort in the world the meaning of this assertion will be manifest. The dog-stealer prowls the city, ready to snatch up the first pet dog he comes across and whip it off under his coat, or to lure animals of larger growth at the end of a rope. It is not long

since a fine black French poodle, \$1,800 in value, belonging to Mr. Louis Lorillard, was spirited off in this way. Instead of advertising the usual large reward for it, the owner advertised a reward for the thieves. The result was that the latter became frightened and restored the animal of their own accord.

It would be well if there were more dog owners as public spirited as Mr. Lorillard. Unless there are there will be no real safety for valuable dogs either here or in England. The dog thieves here all have connections abroad. They steal or buy a valuable dog that has been stolen, ship it to England and sell it there through an agent, who sends stolen animals to this country in the same way. A really fine dog is marked for the market where it belongs. Its pedigree and description are known to all dog lovers and it would never do for the thief to try to sell it on the spot where it was stolen, even if it was not advertised in the papers. But for a five pound note it can be shipped one way or the other and safely and profitably disposed of among strangers. In this way dogs are stolen in London, Paris and other European cities and shipped constantly to America and others stolen here sent across to take their places in the market there.

Only a month ago, for instance, a gentleman in Twenty-third street bought a splendid Siberian bloodhound from the captain of a Liverpool steamer. The captain had purchased the animal in Liverpool from a fancier. Just before the steamer sailed on her return voyage the captain insisted on buying the Siberian back, at a loss to himself of a couple of hundred dollars. The dog belonged to a noble lord in England, had been stolen, traced to Liverpool and to the steamer and the agent had telegraphed to the captain that he must bring it back or expect trouble.

The subject of dog thieves is one our detectives would do well to study. They form a numerous class in London and are becoming one here. As a rule they are in collusion with the stable hands at our swell houses. There is always some scamp about a stable who will join with them in plundering his employer and in that way dogs which could not be got away from their owners to whom they are attached by fair means are taken off by people they know and turned over to the thieves. A good dog is as sure to bring a price as a diamond and, once stolen, it is almost impossible to recover one. Mr. Lorillard struck the right key when he advertised the big reward for his poodle. Some one besides the thieves was certain to know the dog, whose description was too clear to be mistaken. Consequently the thieves were in hourly danger of being betrayed for the sake of the reward. They couldn't ship the dog, they couldn't sell her here and every minute she was in their possession rendered them liable to discovery. They did the only thing they could do—took her back and saved themselves. All it cost Mr. Lorillard was the price of his advertisement and that is all it will cost anyone.

There is only one dog in New York which is safe from the dog stealers. That is the famous bulldog, Ben, the most perfect and ferocious thoroughbred canine of his species alive, and who is so redoubtable that no dog can be found to be pitted against him. Ben is the property of Mr. James Patterson, a noted Seventh avenue publican, and Mr. Patterson says: "I don't think there's any danger of anybody stealing my dog unless some one invents an iron man; but if it ever should happen I'll bet my boots I'd have him back and do my best to hold the man that had the nerve to steal him, too."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ECCENTRIC LAWYER.

He Keeps Up His Queer Reputation Even in the Requests of His Will.

A Philadelphia paper thus embalms one of the celebrities of the Quaker City: "Nearly the entire fortune of Lucas Hirst, the eccentric lawyer who died on Saturday last, amounting to something over \$200,000, is bequeathed by the testator toward founding a law library for the benefit of the poor members of the profession. To his three sisters he leaves annuities, and the balance of his estate goes to the establishment of the library. This queer old genius, who died at the age of 57, had written half a score of plays that were published, and was always attached to the stage. He unwittingly laid the foundation of J. S. Clarke's fortune. He was rather curious, owing principally to the fact that he was accustomed to wearing a white cravat without a choker, and in wet or dry weather he was never without arctic overshoes and a long black overcoat.

"His spectacles were invariably enveloped in soft cotton to protect the bridge of his aquiline nose. When 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was first brought out at the Arch Street Theatre, Joe Jefferson was drawing \$10 a week for helping on the scenery, and J. S. Clarke was getting \$8 a week. He was cast for Marks, and made up the part exactly like Lucas Hirst. It made the hit of the piece, made the success of the season, and, finally, Clarke's fortune. The costume has since become traditional, and few actors knew that they were only making up for Lucas Hirst when they fixed their stock and overgarters."

This reads so very well that it is a pity to spoil the puff for Clarke and Jefferson by telling the truth. The fact is that the late George L. Fox, the comedian and pantomimist, "created" the part of "Marks" and set the fashion in dressing it. Clarke and Jefferson never even played it at all. When these Bohemians want to puff actors who "stake" them they must put a grain of truth in at least. They may stuff the other papers, but the POLICE GAZETTE will not be "played for a sucker" under any circumstances.

A DESPERATE TRAMP.

He Coolly Shoots a Boy Because He Cannot Find Money to Steal.

Three or four weeks ago, a family of Swedes arrived in Chicago and hired apartments at No. 115 North Green street. On the 24th ult. at noon, the head of the household, named Carl Anderson, and his wife went out to seek work, leaving alone in the rooms, their three sons, aged respectively 16, 13 and 12. An old man came up-stairs and entered the apartments shortly after the father went out. He spoke to the boys in a language they could not understand, and boldly prowled through the rooms, searching the bureau drawers and the closets, evidently expecting to find money, for which he seemed to be angrily inquiring. The boys followed him about in wonder but did not interfere with him. At last, pulling a mattress from a bed he found a revolver. The boys fled at the sight of this, screaming in alarm, and taking it up he fired two shots at them, fatally wounding the youngest of the children. The mysterious stranger, evidently a tramp, escaped.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

At Breaux Bridge, La., on the night of the 14th ult., Joseph E. Jenkins shot his brother-in-law, Raphael Castillo. The next day 300 men stormed the jail, took him out and hanged him to a tree.

"TIP" DAVIS, of Gunnison, was murdered on the 29th ult. by a workman in his mine named Weaver, who claimed that he had not been sufficiently liberal in settling up his wages. The men had a quarrel. Davis reached for a club but Weaver drew a revolver and shot his man through the head.

At Bowling Green, Ky., on the 30th ult., Ed. Herndon, who is separated from his wife, had Robert T. Hagan, who is supposed to be the cause of the separation, on trial for assault. Herndon's wife appeared and testified against him, winning the cause of his enemy. When the court took a recess Herndon dogged Hagan to a saloon where he was taking a drink with some friends and shot him. The wound was declared fatal.

At 4 A. M. on the 25th ult. a policeman discovered the door of Miss Sarah Reynolds's palatial residence, 163 West 34th street, N. Y., was open. He entered and alarmed the house. It was found that burglars had robbed the house of silverware and bonds and in the dining room the explorers found one of the gang dead drunk and asleep with a five gallon demijohn of brandy in his arms. He was aroused and lugged off to the lockup in a high state of indignation that his pals had gone away without him.

A YOUNG girl of 16, named Miss Cook, accused Benj. Baker, a conductor on a Cincinnati horse car, of having committed an outrageous assault upon her. According to her story he followed her from her boarding-house one night when she was going to her sister's and dragging her into a vacant lot accomplished his purpose in spite of her screams and resistance. He denies the charge and says the girl pursued him and asked him to take her to a picnic. They went and returned home late but nothing wrong occurred.

THE cabin of a Leadville, Col., miner named Robert Bordmass was mysteriously robbed on two occasions lately of provisions and valuables. Bordmass studied the footprints of the thief and tracked them to the cabin of a desperate character and ex-convict named D. W. Feasher. He then informed the police and went into town with his rifle on his shoulder to hunt for the man. He met a policeman with Feasher in custody in a narrow alley in the city. Suddenly Feasher broke loose, whipped out a revolver and fired one shot at the officer and one at Bordmass. The latter was hit in the breast but had time to shoot his assailant, who fell dead in his tracks with a bullet through his heart. The two men died within ten minutes of each other.

A BLOODY MURDER.

Two Denver Young Men Try a Fist Fight and End With the Pistol.

A 20 year old young man named Philip Hubbard ran away from his home in Omaha and went to Denver, Col., to seek his fortune. Dick Mackey, the horseman, engaged him as a driver and tender of his stock and on the 27th ult. the two men, after celebrating the engagement with many drinks, encountered a young clerk named C. H. Wood in the street. The two drunken men jostled the sober one and Hubbard struck out. A desperate fight ensued, a crowd gathering around and refusing to have the men separated until they had fought it out. Hubbard threw Wood down and pounded him mercilessly about the face until finally some one pulled him off.

Then Wood arose, covered with blood and foaming with rage drew his revolver and cut loose on the crowd, which scattered in every direction. The clerk fired, two bullets passing through Hubbard, inflicting mortal wounds. Wood stood in the middle of a narrow alley way with the smoking pistol in his hand, his face clotted with blood and fury in his eye and on his quivering lip. Then after assuring himself that he was master of the situation he put up his weapon and walked away but was soon overtaken and arrested by a policeman. The scene occasioned the wildest excitement even for Denver, where such events are not so uncommon as to generally stir up a sensation.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

On the 29th ult., two male tramps and a wretched woman of the same genus, stopped at the house of Arch. Taylor near Kesletown, Va. The woman remained on guard outside while the men went in. They found only a young woman, aged 18, on the premises, and outraged her after a desperate struggle. A large force of armed men went out on the trail of the villains but they were not caught. A vigorous shot gun policy for all tramps is going into vogue in that part of Virginia from this date, for the people are very much incensed.

A CAMDEN, N. J., man named John A. Woolf, is in jail on a charge of having outraged his own little daughter, aged 11 years. He was arrested on the 30th ult. and since then has been under a strong guard to protect him from the indignant citizens, who have made loud threats to lynch him.

J. M. ALLEN, a regular physician, of St. Louis, Mo., was arrested on the 3d inst. on a charge of issuing an obscene medical work which has had a large sale in young ladies' seminaries throughout the country. Among other things it advertised that the doctor was possessed of a secret for the restoration of lost virginity as good as new. He charged \$5 for the secret and was in receipt of many letters enclosing money for such prescriptions.

TOMMY COCKLIN, NOTED ENGLISH PUGILIST.

[With Portrait.]

Tom Cocklin was born in Manchester, Eng., Feb. 28, 1851. He stands 5ft. 10in. in height and in condition weighs 154lbs. He has fought several battles in the magic circle. His first fight was with Tom Appleton of Liverpool, England, which was decided near the latter place. Cocklin won in 30m. during which twenty rounds were fought. His next battle was with Bob Smith, not the pugilist who is now in New York or the famous darkey of that name, of Liverpool. The fight was decided at Sefton Park and Cocklin won in 20m.

He was then matched to fight John Morgan for £25 a side near Liverpool, in the fall of 1879. Cocklin won after a sharp and desperate contest which lasted 45m. In England he was twice matched to fight Jim Moran.

The first time the police interfered and the match was declared off.

In the fall of 1879 the men were again matched. They signed articles of agreement to fight for £100 at catch weights according to the rules of the London prize-ring. Only a forfeit was posted and at the time of meeting the second deposit Moran refused to go on with the match and forfeited the money posted. In January, 1881, Cocklin came to America, landing at New Orleans, La. He remained in the Crescent City until March, 1881, when he came to New York. Since he has followed his trade, bricklaying.

As soon as Cocklin heard that his old rival, Moran, had arrived in New York and issued a challenge to George Rooke or any middle-weight pugilist he decided to again enter the arena and once more arrange a match with him.

Cocklin is now being trained to fight Moran for \$400 and the battle will come off this month.

THE ROMANCE OF A DENTIST.

How He Played a Crooked Racket and Gave Himself Away to His Mother-in-Law.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A dandy dentist, Harry McMullen, of Brooklyn, has got himself into a pretty scrape. He is 30 and his wife Maretta is 22. The tooth carpenter is very good looking and is a masher from the word "go." He lived with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Rose, who keeps a boarding-house. The couple have been married since April, 1875. Two years after Harry began to go to balls and picnics. At one of the latter affairs he got acquainted with a very pretty girl, Miss Mary Shawn. She used to visit his office frequently after that and the pair were very intimate.

Mrs. McMullen kicked but never suspected the intimacy had gone to extremes. Finally Harry had a spasm of virtue and was fool enough to volunteer to write a confession which he put in the form of an affidavit and swore to before a notary. In this he stated that he had wronged his wife by being criminally intimate with Miss Shawn at a Brooklyn hotel. He enclosed this paper in an envelope and sealing it stupidly handed it over to his mother-in-law, stipulating that it was not to be opened until he misbehaved himself again.

A year passed and then he had another lapse and began staying out nights. The mother-in-law opened the sealed confession, the wife read it and a divorce suit was begun, which is now occupying the attention of a Brooklyn court. About three weeks ago Harry had another relapse of virtue. He began to frequent church and at a prayer-meeting one night called for prayers for himself and wife. These were given and then he prevailed on a praying band to accompany him to his wife's home for the purpose of praying the pair together again. They got into the dining room and were all on their knees praying earnestly when the mother-in-law came in with a rush and fired the party out with the most approved epithets for such cases made and provided. The leaders of the band insist that they had scalding water added to their woes but this is only unverified tradition. However the situation was sufficiently aggravating to make the newly converted son-in-law forget his religion and pause before the door ten minutes hurling choice oaths at the house and its inmates. What is to be the result of the divorce suit may be conjectured from the foregoing relation of facts.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

WILLIAM L. MOON was hanged at Carrolton Ga., on the 3d inst. On Jan. 4, 1881, he waylaid John B. Ward, a man with whom he had quarrelled a few days before, and shot him down without giving him a chance for his life.

IN the Yacatecas theatre, Mo., on the 5th inst., the leader of the orchestra, V. A. Serger, had a row with the leading man, Irovecira Posa. The musician played the wrong music for the entrance of the actor on the scene and the latter killed him by firing a bullet into his stomach.

A LOCOMOTIVE on the Coney Island elevated rail road ran away and had a smash up a few days since by way of opening the season with eclat. Unfortunately several distinguished citizens, directors of the road, were not in the smash up.

PETER GIBSON, JR., and Robert Sullivan, of Cincinnati, bought two stylish dog cars a couple of weeks ago and asked two respectable young ladies to accompany them to the races. The ladies went but the young men got so drunk and behaved so shockingly that the young women returned home by the horse cars. Last week the offenders called on Dr. Loy, a relative of the insulted ladies, to make an apology but during the interview Gibson got on his ear and the Doctor gave him a thorough thrashing.

WHEN the mother of a deformed boy named Elmer Slusser, of Louisville, died in Louisville, Ky., a year ago, the child was given over to the care of a Mrs. Newton, an intimate friend. The father announced the other day that he was going to marry again and would take his child home. Mrs. Newton begged that she might be allowed to keep her charge, saying she could not part with the boy. The father would have his way, however. When he called to take his son away last week he found the woman and the boy both dead. She had administered morphine to both.

THEY STOPPED TO BRAY.

Ten Little Elephants and One Big Mule Join a Church Choir.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ten little elephants and a trained mule got loose near Worcester, Mass., on the 25th ult., while Barnum's show was going through. They got away clear before their keepers had any idea of their departure and it required a ten days' vigorous hunt to get them all back into the circus fold. Led by the light in a little country church where an organist had marshalled a paid choir for an experimental rehearsal of high toned music before the pastor and kicking deacons who had been all along fighting to preserve the old policy of congregational singing, the animals darted in and raised an unearthly din in chorus with the organ and the human screechers.

The animals had come for war but under the leadership of the mule they remained to bray. The surprise and terror of the deacons on the ground floor was only equalled by the agility with which they left the menagerie and either scooted out of the doors or attempted to shim up the gallery pillars.

A HUNTED CRIMINAL.

Taylor Underwood, the Missouri Murderer, Tells How He Was Captured.

He Describes His Haunts and Details the Clever Device by Which He Was Caught.

The noted criminal, Taylor Underwood, of Sedalia, Mo., has been sentenced to 99 years in State Prison. His portrait was published in the POLICE GAZETTE several weeks since. His crime was the murder of Marshal J. D. McElrath, of Greenfield, Dade County, Mo. The marshal remarked to Underwood that he was suspected of horse-stealing and feared he would be obliged to arrest him. Underwood asked him into a saloon to take a drink and while he was standing at the bar treacherously shot him and made his escape. He made for the Indian Territory where he met men of his own stripe and was furnished with money. He finally managed to get to Chetopa, Kansas, where his brother lived. This brother had a son in jail for horse-stealing, but had arranged to get him out on habeas corpus, and wanted Underwood to run him off to the Indian Territory. Underwood slept in a cornfield near the house, and suggested to his brother that he might venture into town and go to a barber's shop and get his hair cut. It was the 5th of August and very warm. The murderer gives the details of his capture as follows:

"We walked up the street together and in passing Church's saloon I saw a man in there wearing a broad brimmed hat, afterward found out it was Pike, the detective, who I thought was watching me. I thought I would watch him to see if he followed me, but about this time the negro who was to cut my hair saw me coming (he knew me by my brother), and began to dance on the sidewalk, which distracted my attention, and I didn't look to see whether or not I was followed. My brother and I walked right up to the barber shop, and noticing nothing unusual, walked in. A negro asked me if I'd have a shave. Told him no, I wanted my hair cut, at the same time walking back to a chair near the rear of the room. I noticed two men come in and looked up to see who they were, but they turned their heads so I could not see their faces, and asked for a drink of water. The man, who turned out to be Pike, went around back of my chair to get a drink. As soon as he got it, he turned round before I had time to think and threw his left arm across my breast, catching hold of the opposite side of the chair with his left hand, at the same time throwing his chin down on my breast.

"I threw my arms up and either broke his hold or slid his arm around my neck. Some three or four others grabbed my arms on either side when I threw them up. I was covered up with a barber's apron but I freed my right arm when two of them grabbed it and pulled it back again. I got it loose again and tried to pull the barber's apron off of me, when they caught my arm and forced it back the third time. Seeing that my chances of escape in this manner were poor I threw my foot from the foot rest over back of my head and would have gotten loose had not Pike thrust his elbow into my side and forced me back. Then the prosecuting attorney who had come in caught hold of my pistol and began choking me. I saw it was useless to struggle any longer and put my hands together and let them handcuff me, after which they got me on my feet. I said to Pike, 'For God's sake don't mob me like a dog but shoot me right here.' He said, 'We don't want to mob you.'

"Three or four of them ran their hands in my pockets when I told Pike I had a little money in them which I wished he'd take, that I didn't want everybody running their hands into my pockets. They carried me to jail and turning my brother's son out of his cell put me in his place."

Underwood waived an examination and was taken to the Springfield jail to save him from a mob at Greenfield, but when the October term of court came he was returned to the latter place. A change of venue was easily secured and the case sent to Barton county. When this was learned a mob assembled at the outskirts of Greenfield and were preparing to break into the jail and take him out and hang him.

It is doubtful if there would have been any very serious regrets felt anywhere had they succeeded. But the mob were prevented by the plucky action and sagacity of Sheriff Whitesides. He made preparations to defend his prisoner. The assurance, however, that he would arm the desperado and bid him fight for his life had the most cooling effect. And early the next morning the sheriff spirited Underwood away and safely landed him in the jail at Lamar.

At the succeeding regular term of court the trial was postponed on account of the murderer's sickness, but at the December term, 1931, he was tried and convicted and sentenced by Judge Barton to be hung on the 27th day of the following January. An appeal having been taken the supreme court reversed and remanded the case. On the 2d inst. the case was called a second time, when a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree was entered, as already stated, and a sentence equivalent to imprisonment for life passed upon him.

THE DOOM OF A DENOUNCER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Another of those tragedies with which Nihilism is rendering the history of Russia memorable is reported from Kiev. The few details which the Russian censorship permits to reach the public are these:

On Feb. 28 the police arrested in a lodging house in the suburbs four young men who were engaged in writing and printing revolutionary pamphlets for distribution. Three of them only were brought to trial and these were condemned to lifelong servitude in Siberia. The fourth, in consideration of the evidence he gave against his comrades, was set free. About the end of March he appeared at the Chancellery and drew a considerable sum of money, which, it now appears, had been promised him for betraying his associates. Ten days later the woman whom he lived with appeared before the police to inquire about him. He had not been home since the day the money was paid him.

An investigation was set on foot and his body discovered in the house in which he and his comrades had been arrested. It was suspended by the arms from a bed post and the flesh was literally cut from the bare back till the bones were exposed. Two knouts stiffened with blood lay on the floor near the corpse. It was then discovered that the dead man had been en-

amored of the mistress of one of his betrayed comrades and the latter after the trial which had deprived her of her lover had encouraged his betrayer and lured him into visiting her at the old house. There she and the mistresses of the other two victims had seized and bound him and literally lashed him till exhausted nature refused them further strength. Then they left him to bleed to death alone.

Search was made for the fair avengers but they had escaped into Switzerland and were beyond the reach of Russian "justice."

BROCKWAY AND SMITH.

The Boss Counterfeiters of the Country Again in Trouble.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week portraits of Wm. E. Brockway, alias E. W. Spencer, and Charles H. Smith, two of the most noted manipulators of counterfeit notes and bonds in the country. They have both been concerned in some of the most stupendous schemes to make and circulate counterfeit bills and bonds, and have given the government detectives no end of trouble. They have amassed wealth and have managed to evade any severe punishment for their crimes. Brockway once did five years' service for the State in the Albany Penitentiary, but he has dodged many other indictments. Smith, we believe, has so far escaped any imprisonment.

They are again in trouble. They have been arrested on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Osborn on the strength of orders from Washington. There is much mystery about this late arrest, but it is believed to have some connection with the effort being made to release Doyle, the counterfeiter, recently convicted in Chicago, whose friends are trying the usual compromise game. It is claimed that information has been obtained showing that Brockway, Smith and others succeeded in obtaining, through the connivance of employees in the Government printing bureau, genuine plates from which electrotypes were made.

A LOVE MATCH SPOILED.

A Child Bride Led Home After an Elopement and the Groom Gets Left.

The marked attentions of Louis B. Fosky, of Eastman, Ga., aged 22, to Martha Evans, aged 12, became so marked that her parents a month ago forbade their meeting. They ran away a couple of weeks ago and were married. The ceremony was just over when the girl's father rode up to the house of the justice who had performed the ceremony. The bridegroom pulled a pistol on his furious father-in-law and snapped it at him. Evans then closed with him and after a wrestle wrenched it from him and beat him over the head with it. The son-in-law retreated to the house. The bride had meantime got away through the back door and was making tracks for her father's house. The groom attempted to follow, but his cruel father-in-law, now the possessor of the pistol, commanded him to stop and led his daughter home, where he now has her under lock and key.

FOUR METHODISTS IN A MUDDLE.

Volunteering Strains of Doleful Music at the Wrong Funeral.

A St. Louis quartette was engaged at \$5 each to sing at the funeral of a lady. The party had a long distance to drive and arrived only after the funeral procession had started for the cemetery. There were two funerals at the same hour, and in their confusion the songsters joined the wrong cortege. At the grave they found another quartette. Each party glared at the other, but finally agreed to share the musical exercises, and alternated the harmony in the most doleful style to their mutual satisfaction. Shortly after, they remarked that the full Masonic ceremonies were being performed and asked a by-stander if he didn't think such a service was somewhat inappropriate for a lady. "A lady? Why, the corpse was a man!" replied the indignant mourner. The fresh harmonists shrunk within themselves and stole silently away with their concordant souls racked to chaos.

HARRY M. BROWN.

[With Portrait.]

A native of Boston, this admirable character actor made his first professional appearance under the late Charles Fechter, at the Globe theatre, that city. During that and subsequent seasons on the road he demonstrated himself an actor of native ability and much intelligence. He made numerous tours of the country with growing popularity, which he confirmed by a most successful series of engagements in California. Returning east he made his first appearance in New York as the Prince on the production of the "Mascotte" at the Bijou Theatre. His hit was immediate and his impersonation of the character has been the model for all subsequent ones. His appearances with the Wilbur Opera Company during the past season have made him familiar throughout the United States and won for him everywhere an endorsement of the well earned praises of the metropolis.

MURDERED BY HIS AGED WIFE.

An old farmer named William Stevenson, living near Gladwin, Mich., remained out late on the evening of the 3d inst. with his son-in-law, Wesley Lakins. When they returned, the old lady, Mrs. Stevenson, admitted Lakins but shut the door in the face of her husband and told him he could not come in. It was wet and cold and there was no shelter for him, so after waiting for some time, when she had quieted down, he raised a window and tried to crawl in. Mrs. Stevenson then fired at him, the bullet striking him fair in the forehead and he fell dead. The body was allowed to lie out-doors through the stormy night and was found where it fell by the coroner, who came to hold the inquest the next day. The woman was arrested.

LILIAN OLCOTT.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Lilian Olcott, whose portrait appears on another page of the GAZETTE, is the daughter of Dr. Cornelius Olcott, a wealthy physician of Brooklyn. The lady made her first appearance upon the dramatic stage in April of this year in Hartford, Conn., and finished a very successful preliminary season at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre in the latter part of May. Her repertoire is Shakespearean and she is to star through the United States and Canada the coming season.

TRAIN ROBBERS ROUTED.

A Gang Who Tackle a Texas Train Get a Warm Reception and "Scot."

At 3 A. M. on the 5th inst. the north-bound passenger train through from Texas to St. Louis over the Missouri Pacific road was stopped two miles north of Denton by flagging. A train robbery on that line has been anticipated for nearly a month and armed guards have accompanied all passenger, mail and express trains. The train was stopped in a deep cut in a brushy section. The guards were on the alert. Four masked men sprang into the mail car, it is presumed mistaking it for the express car. The guards and attaches of the car opened fire, to the surprise of the robbers who jumped from the train and broke for the brush. A battle with pistols and rifles took place. As the guards pursued the flying robbers one of the latter fell, jumped up and continued to retreat. The guards and train men returned to the train and a posse was put on the trail from Denton.

A telegram was received at United States Marshal Norton's office in St. Louis announcing that the dead body of one of the robbers had been found near the scene. His mask was still on. The gang secured nothing from the train. They had piled up logs and other obstructions a few hundred yards from where the train was stopped in order to wreck it if they failed to stop the train by flagging.

The dead robber was identified as S. P. Spelton, whose father lives in Johnson county, Texas, 50 miles from the scene of the enterprise. On the afternoon of the 5th another gave himself up to the posse. His name is Joe Carter. He is in jail. He was born and raised near Denton, the son of a respectable farmer named John Carter, and is just out of Huntsville penitentiary where he served two years for theft. He has turned state's evidence. He says the robbery was planned by two robbers now at large, strangers, whose names he will not divulge. He says they met at the Missouri Pacific depot in Denton just before the arrival of the train, stole a fine pistol from the baggage room and concluded to rob the express car of the Texas Express company and Pacific Express company.

A RUMPUUS IN A CONVENT.

A Mother Superior Gets in the Clutches of the Law and is Fired Out.

Mother Stanislaus, Superior of Nazareth Convent, of Rochester, N. Y., has been deposed by Bishop McQuaid, and much speculation is rife in consequence. Sister Agnes, who has been a member of the order for twelve years, has been appointed to replace the "fired out," who departed at once for St. Louis. Sister Stanislaus is a half-sister of Denis Leary, a Rochester politician, who is now waiting trial on a charge of causing his hotel to be set on fire. She entered the order when she was 15 years old and is now 40.

Daniel Hughes, a well-known contractor and devout Catholic, who died in 1871, left a clause in his will directing that all his property should be turned into money and the whole paid over to Sister Stanislaus Leary, to be expended by her for the support, maintenance and education of his children, Emma, Lizzie, Annie and Vincent.

The fund having some time ago been declared "exhausted" the children asked for an accounting and filed sworn objections to the accounts of Sister Stanislaus, furnished after repeated urging, from which the following allegations are taken:

The children allege that the counting is erroneous, because Vincent is charged with \$1,200 for board, clothing and tuition at St. Mary's Asylum, when during a large portion of that time he was put out to work by the Mother Superior, earning a large amount in excess of a reasonable amount for board. Practically the same charge is brought by Emma, who in addition contests an item of \$332 paid to the Home of Industry without warrant or voucher. Lizzie claims that she is overcharged for board, and contests an item of \$208 paid to the Home of Industry, as she supported herself by her own industry while in the house. Annie alleges that the account against her should not be charged with the value of her services while at work under Sister Stanislaus' direction in the House of the Good Shepherd at Buffalo, and also the value of her services for two years while hired out to work at a Mr. Wheaton's, at Niagara Falls, for which she claims \$350. The contestants reserve the right to make their objections more definite, and to interpose objections of a grave nature.

It is claimed by relatives that in return for several thousand dollars placed in the Superior's hands the children received practically nothing. While Lizzie was at Buffalo her grown-up brothers, not included in the will, did not know of her whereabouts, and demanded to know where she was kept. They finally learned where she was and brought her home, claiming that the place where she was engaged has not the best reputation in the world.

It is alleged that the boy Vincent was not supplied with proper clothing, that often when coming home to his elder brother's he would show them by the names marked in the clothes that they belonged to other boys in the asylum, and were given him to wear while on his visit home to make a good impression. While in the institution, and while hard at work for his guardian, he was so meanly clad, it is claimed, that all the clothes he wore could be bought for a few cents.

Much bitter feeling exists against the Mother Superior among those who are conversant with the facts in the case, and much more is said than they will consent to make public. The case furnishes, perhaps, one of the reasons why Bishop McQuaid deposed the Mother Superior. A rumor to the effect that she lent the money to her brother without security is denied.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRE GIRL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great and glorious west produces original characters without end. Not the least of these is the lady known in San Francisco as the "fire girl." The daughter of a well-to-do citizen, this young female from earliest childhood evinced an odd passion for attending fires. She worshipped the flame god as other girls adore Dame Fashion. So notorious did her penchant become that one of the local fire companies adopted her and made her a present of a magnificent diamond badge of membership.

The fire girl never missed a fire. The clangor of the bells would summon her from the theatre or the ball room, from sleep or the dinner table, and it is said the firemen of San Francisco never worked better than

when their fair champion was encouraging them through the din and smoke. Some years ago the fire girl married and settled down to domestic life but she takes a turn with the engine now and then still for the sake of old times and these reappearances are always hailed by the firemen with extravagant delight.

A WIFE WITH TWO LOVERS.

Boston's High Society Scandalized by the Very Worst Case Yet.

There's a pretty mess just cropped out in Boston concerning two of the very tip-top nobbles of the "nobs" in social circles there. And rich they are, and tony, too, and away up in blue blood and fashion and all that. Augustus Seaver brought the matter to a head on the 2d inst. by bringing criminal proceedings against his wife, a beautiful, stylish and brilliant woman, aged about 30 years. The gay Lothario who was suspected was Arthur C. Simmons, a rich young man of leisure, aged 25, who was divorced from his wife. By the aid of a female detective, Mr. Seaver caught Simmons and Mrs. Seaver in a compromising attitude in a grove on the grounds of her summer residence.

The lady agreed to make no defence if her husband applied for a divorce, and it was settled that the separation was to be effected on the quiet to avoid scandal. There was a police officer—a dashing, good-looking fellow—who had detected the liaison between Simmons and Mrs. Seaver a long time back, and who had forced her in her fear of exposure, to grant him a full share of the amorous favors accorded her lover. When her husband detected her, she shook off the policeman, and he, enraged that she had denied him his usual assignation, urged the jealous husband to have Simmons and Mrs. Seaver arrested for adultery, persuading him that he would be able to get his divorce much easier if he took this step. Seaver, unaware that he was being made a puppet to gratify the revenge of a second lover, broke his agreement with his wife, got out a warrant and had the pair arrested. Then, came the outburst of scandal and the crash of reputations.

FRANK JAMES CUTS LOOSE.

Another Bank Robbed in the Style of the Late Lamented Jesse.

On the afternoon of June 7, just as the bank in the town of Brookfield, Mo., was closing up for the day, six men rode into town and dismounting entered the building and covering the clerks with their revolvers went through the safe and money drawers, securing \$5,000 in cash. Then they backed out, still covering the bank men with their pistols and shooting like demons to intimidate them. The men were all masked and the bank officials all vow that Frank James was the leader of the gang. The party all got away. A strong force of volunteers well armed went in pursuit but the chances of falling in with any of them is very slight.

LURED TO DEATH.

A Black Siren Traps an Aged Farmer Who is Robbed and Murdered.

A notorious dusky Deilah of Lawrence, Kansas, Sie Winegar, enticed David Bridman, an old farmer, to her room on the 2d inst. While he was in her embrace two negroes, George Robertson and Ike King, hit him on the head with a club and the wench took \$600 from his pocket. The two men then continued to beat him with clubs until he was dead. Then they carried the body through the streets and threw it into the river. On the 4th inst. Robertson was captured at Independence, Mo., and King was arrested at Eudora. The prospects of a lynching are very good indeed.

HE WAS DOUBLY MASHED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Theodore Yutzler, a wealthy young widow of New Albany, Ind., is aged 28 and every night for 20 years has looked under the bed for a man in vain. On the night of the 28th ult., however, she called the turn. Sitting down on the floor of her bedroom to remove her stockings she observed under the bed the flashing eyes of an excited man taking in her blooming proportions. Seizing the kerosene lamp at her side she hurled it at the naughty man, striking him square on the head and knocking him insensible. Then she hauled him out, alarmed the house and gave him into the custody of the police. And that's the kind of a "masher" that dashing young widow is.

GRIZZLY JOHNSON, OF DAKOTA.

[With Portrait.]

We give in this issue the portrait of a famous character of Fort Yates, Dakota, Grizzly Johnson, alias Pah-sa-pa or Black Beard, his Indian name. He stands 6ft. 4in. high, weighs 240 lbs. and his friends claim he can lie harder, fight quicker and ride better than any man of his calibre on the Missouri. As a scout, trapper and guide they also maintain his equal cannot be found in the northwest. But now after serving faithfully in the service of the U. S. for 25 years he is ordered off the Indian reservation at Fort Yates as alleged for making too much love to one of the dusky maidens of the Sioux tribe.

WHEN CRANK MEETS CRANK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Guiteau had a visitor from Wauchoo last week, a long, lean, cadaverous and mouldy smelling old chap with a Bible under his arm and a big bandanna in his tall pocket, who immediately he got into the assassin's cell fell upon his neck, hailed him as "Dear brother in grace." He spent the afternoon exchanging points with his brother crank, and went away highly delighted, declaring that it would be a sin and an outrage on society to hang so amiable and godly a man as our national butcher. What a sinful nation we will be a couple of weeks from now!

CAPT. JOHN HAHNENFELD.

[With Portrait.]

John Hahnenfeld, whose portrait we give, was born July 6, 1851, in the town of Achim, Province of Hannover, Germany. He came to New York in 1867, was appointed on the police force in 1873 and resigned in 1875. He was commissioned as a Captain in the Fifth Regiment Infantry, N. G. S. N. Y., in 1875. He is now notary public and confidential clerk to Col. Charles S. Spencer in the criminal portion of his business.



HARPOONING A CHINESE PIRATE.

BOATSWAIN JONES PURSUES THE SHIP'S COOK, WHOM HE DETECTS SIGNALLING A SUSPICIOUS JUNK IN THE CHINA SEA, AND CAPTURES HIM WITH A HARPOON.



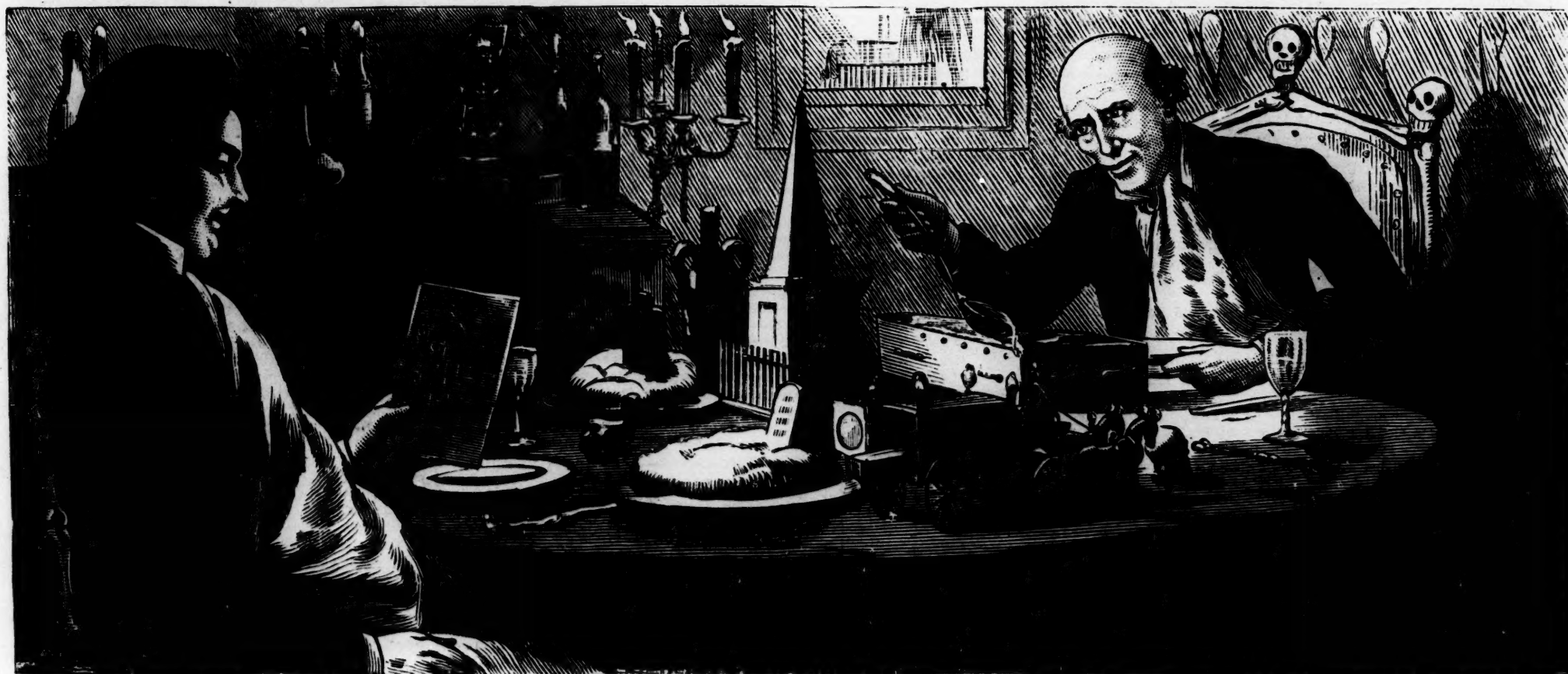
A MAN UNDER HER BED.

A YOUNG WIDOW OF NEW ALBANY, IND., AFTER SEEKING MANY YEARS, AT LAST FINDS A MAN UNDER HER BED AND THROWS SOME LIGHT ON HIS PROCEEDINGS.



KILLED BY HER RIVAL IN LOVE.

A COUPLE OF YOUNG GIRLS, OF ST. PAUL, N. C., SETTLE A DISPUTE OVER THEIR CLAIMS TO A YOUNG MAN BY A FIERCE FIGHT AND A MURDER ENSUES.



A BANQUET WITH GRIM DEATH.

HOW A QUAKER CITY UNDERTAKER ENTERTAINED A THEATRICAL FRIEND, AND A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR FOUND OUT BY ACTUAL EXPERIENCE THAT FUNERAL BAKED MEATS WERE AS GOOD TO EAT AS ANY OTHER, IF NOT BETTER.



THEY STOPPED TO BRAY.

AN EDUCATED MULE AND NINE LITTLE ELEPHANTS BREAK LOOSE FROM A CIRCUS NEAR WORCESTER, MASS., TAKE REFUGE IN A CHURCH AND TAKE PART IN THE REHEARSAL OF THE NEW PAID CHOIR.



A DENTIST'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A BROOKLYN, N. Y., TOOTH CARPENTER TRIES TO EFFECT A RECONCILIATION WITH HIS WIFE BY BRINGING A PRAYING BAND TO THE HOUSE, BUT HER MOTHER STAMPEDES THE SAINTLY COHORTS.



WHEN CRANK MEETS CRANK!

THE CONGENIAL SPIRIT WITH WHOM GITEAU HORNORBED AND WHO HOPES TO MEET THAT MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD MARTYR TO A SOULLESS STATUTE IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BYE.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Sainly Crew Come Out Strong
In Odorous Scandals.A Nosegay of Blooming Wickedness
Liberal Perfumed With Essence
of Hypocrisy and True Goodness.

TALMAGE will not go to Europe this summer. He has an eye to the opium "johns" as a study for a sensational sermon.

REV. GUS. MCCOY, a colored preacher of Marshall, Texas, was assassinated by some unknown person while on his way to a prayer-meeting on the 3d inst.

THE rumor that Deacon Richardson, of Brooklyn, is going to have all his Sunday car drivers baptised and prayed for is contradicted. The Deacon is busy enough looking out for prayers for himself just now.

THE Rev. S. J. Dillon, colored, of Cincinnati, made a pastoral call on Mrs. Gaines and accepted an invitation to remain to supper. He went up stairs to brush his hair and Mrs. Gaines remembering that the sum of \$39 was in that room thought it discreet to go up and lock the trunk which held the coin. But she did not act quickly enough. After the minister's departure she missed the money. This time she moved with celerity and he was arrested with the plunder in his pocket.

A COLORED minister who whipped his wife at Alexandria, Va., was fined \$4 by a justice. He had no money and was given a week in which to pay. On the intervening Sunday he preached from the text: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," drawing from it the conclusion that he had punished his wife properly. Then he asked the congregation to contribute the \$4 for his fine and they did it though the plates had to be passed six times before the amount was realized. The pastor's appeals were a great deal like those of Mr. Kimball in debt raising.

SOME six weeks ago a clerical looking individual made his appearance in Philadelphia and presented himself to Mr. Crowther, living on Pine street, a member of the Pittman Methodist Episcopal congregation. The newcomer represented himself as Rev. Charles Crowther, of the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, retaining his quarterly conference relations with the Tabernacle in Boston. He explained to Mr. Crowther that he was suffering from an affection of the throat and had obtained a brief respite from his labors in order to recuperate. He accounted for his presence in Philadelphia by explaining that he was under the impression that a relationship could be traced between Mr. Crowther and himself. All this the stranger explained to his listener in words so well chosen as to win for him the good graces of the benevolent Mr. Crowther. The supposed Boston clergyman was warmly entertained by Mr. Crowther, who introduced him to Rev. Philip Merrill, pastor of the Pittman Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Charles Crowther not only attended the Sunday services at Pittman church with marked regularity, occupying at the pastor's invitation a seat of honor in the pulpit but evinced the deepest interest in the prayer-meetings. On several occasions during the illness of Rev. Mr. Merrill the visitor assumed the entire charge of the meetings and made a deep impression upon the parishioners by his fervent devotion and eloquent prayers. He skipped the other day after having borrowed \$200 in small sums, leaving his board bill unpaid.

REV. PATRICK J. GLEESON, late pastor of the church of the Holy Name in St. Louis, who has been, in trouble lately and has been subjected to many scandalous stories, has come out with his defence. In the early part of the winter a woman who gave her name as McBride called at the parsonage and saying she and her children were on the verge of starvation appealed to Father Gleeson for help. She added that her husband had gone to Texas to look for work. Father Gleeson gave her a couple of dollars and put a little boy for whom he was guardian under her care, agreeing to pay her \$2 a week. When her husband returned he kicked because of the boy, who he found had been baptised in St. Vincent's church as John Gleeson. He inquired and learned that this boy, now 9 years old, had been born in Louisiana and that his mother was a former Miss Proctor who had been a servant to Father Gleeson. He then called on the priest and threatened if he did not buy him a horse and cart he would denounce him to the ecclesiastical authorities as the father of the child. Gleeson kicked McBride out of the house and the latter went at once to the Bishop and raised such a scandal that the former was suspended. Now the Father produces T. C. Kelly, of Fulton, Mo., who acknowledges that he is the father of the boy and says he seduced Miss Proctor. The latter herself comes forward and swears to the same story and Father Gleeson's housekeeper makes affidavit that the registering of the child's name as Gleeson was the act of an old woman, since dead, who took the boy, to be baptised. She said she would not call him after his father, "that blackguard, Kelly, but that Gleeson was a decent name" and that she chose he should bear. There will be a reopening of the case and everything is expected to turn out lovely for the unfortunate priest; after all, as indeed it should in view of this evidence.

THE Richmond, Va., correspondent of the New York Herald is responsible for the following:

On the 6th inst. there was great excitement among the congregation of the Rev. John Jasper's church, owing to the mysterious affliction of a colored youth, one of its members. The Rev. John Jasper will be remembered as the pastor who recently became famous by promulgating the theory that "he sun do move." It appears that the youth referred to ran away from home, was disobedient and attempted to cover up his delinquencies by systematic lying to his mother. For this he was expelled from the church and soon afterward the members were startled by the announcement that he had been struck dumb. This is regarded by the superstitious colored brothers and sisters as a visitation for telling lies and the statements of several members confirm this aspect of the case. Among others Rev. John Cooley, colored, who is said to be a licensed preacher, said to a reporter: "When the boy returned from Charlottesville his mother rebuked him for running away and ordered him to stay in Richmond and assist her. The boy made a promise to his mother but never fulfilled it. He told a lie about it and said he hoped God would paralyze his tongue if what he stated was not true. That occurred two or three days ago. Soon after the boy had made this declaration his tongue seemed to

grow thick and he could not articulate well. He continued in this condition till the night of the church meeting when in as loud a voice as he was able he made the same declaration, calling upon God to paralyze his tongue. Immediately afterward he was unable to speak and there was great consternation. I am positive that the boy is dumb and you can learn all about it from Joseph Wilkinson, a colored shoemaker, who is a member of Mr. Jasper's church."

Mr. Wilkinson corroborated what Rev. Mr. Cooley stated and said he thought first the boy was "putting on" but was now thoroughly convinced that the boy had been struck dumb for lying.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD.

Record of the Victories of the Famous British Oarsman and Ex-Champion.

[With Portrait.]

Some years ago, when the aquatic supremacy of England was beyond dispute, the various international sculling matches decided on both the Thames and Tyne were invariably looked upon as certainties for Englishmen. However, on the defeat of Sadler by Trickett, the tide of fortune turned, and since then such rivals as Hanlan and Wallace Ross from America, and Trickett and Laycock from Australia, have each and all of them swept the English field.

Robert Watson Boyd was born on September 20, in the year 1854, so that at the present time he is in his twenty-ninth year. He commenced rowing when only fourteen years of age, and speedily made a great name for himself in minor matches. One of Boyd's most important matches during the early part of his career was when he beat Joe Sadler in a mile match on the Tyne, it being a very close contested struggle all the way. However, the Thames man soon had his revenge, as when he contended for the Championship of the World, from Putney to Mortlake, on November 15, 1875, the Middlesborough man was easily beaten.

Besides his defeat by Sadler in 1875, Boyd has contested the Aquatic Championship on several occasions. After Sadler had been beaten by Trickett, Boyd and Higgins contested for the Championship, though it was a long time before the preliminary arrangements could be made, as the South countryman wanted to row on the Thames and Boyd on the Tyne. However it was finally settled that they should row from Putney to Mortlake, and the race took place on May 28, 1877. Higgins lost a long distance at the start, and becoming completely demoralized could never get near his opponent. His friends however, did not desert him, and he rowed again over the same course, on October 8. Although Boyd led a "first, the Shadwell man caught him, and ultimately won by seven lengths, the time being 24 min. 10 sec. As might have been expected, Boyd was not satisfied with his defeat and he issued a challenge to row Higgins on the Tyne. Articles were ultimately signed to row this January 14, 1878, for £200 a side and the Championship of England Challenge Cup, which was presented by the proprietors of the Newcastle Daily Chronicle. This ended unsatisfactorily, as the race was awarded to the Thames man on a foul. After Higgins had won the Cup right off by defeating Elliott from Putney to Mortlake on January 8, Boyd contended in the first race for the New Challenge Cup, which was presented by the proprietors of The Sportsman. The race took place on the Thames, and Elliott and Boyd contended the final heat, and although the latter passed the post first it was awarded to Elliott on a foul.

For some time after this, Boyd did but little in rowing, and he attended to his business at Middlesborough. His love of aquatics, though, was still as great as ever and although both the Championship of the world and of England was held by foreigners, he rowed Elliott, on the Tyne course, for a stake of £400. The race took place on Feb. 9, 1880, and Boyd proved successful. His next appearance was in the International Regatta, at Providence, Rhode Island, on June 17, when he met Hanlan, but he was unwell and finished last. When the Chinnery Regatta was started last autumn, Boyd again went into training, and after winning a small prize at a regatta on the Medway was easily successful in the Senior Sculls of the contest promoted by the Messrs. Chinnery.

LOVE AND MURDER.

A Faithless Bride of Sixteen Hacked to Pieces by
Her Jealous Husband.

The first week in May last Jacob Comely, a rich young merchant and farmer of Ramsay, Edgefield County, S. C., married Fannie Wayne, the 16 year old daughter of Col. Samuel Wayne, a well-known citizen. Fannie had in a pet cast off an old lover named Thornwell Adams, a clerk in Comely's store, and married his employer in haste, out of pure pique. Adams grieved greatly, and said he was going out West; but didn't go. He saw the young wife secretly and they were reconciled too late. Comely smelt a mice and ordered the clerk to keep away from his wife. The intimacy continued, however.

On the 26th ult. Comely started out early in the morning for a visit to Lexington village, saying he would not return until noon of the next day. No sooner was he out of sight than the young wife sent a message for the clerk, her lost love. The two spent the greater part of the day and all of the night together. Just at daybreak the husband returned, entered the house by the back way, and arming himself with a hatchet, crept stealthily up stairs. When he reached the upper floor his approach was heard by the truant pair, who were indulging in an illicit amour, and Adams jumped out of bed and ran out the front door before the irate husband could intercept his egress.

The trembling wife was then confronted and charged with infidelity. She confessed her guilt, but begged for forgiveness, promising to become a dutiful wife. Neither her cries nor her prayers could move the maddened husband to pity. He brandished the weapon over her head and swore he would kill her and then her paramour. A servant in the next room was startled by the cries of her mistress and hurried to her assistance. Upon entering the room she was felled to the floor and Comely ran out, blood dripping from the hatchet in his hand.

When the servant recovered her senses she was horrified at the sight which met her gaze. There upon the floor, in a puddle of blood, lay her mistress, literally hacked to pieces. Her face was cruelly gashed and she was past recognition. Comely had gone out in search of Adams, intending to kill him, but failed to find him.

The news of the murder spread for miles around, and strong parties, stimulated by offers of reward, started out to capture him, but their search was unsuccessful.

ARTISTIC GRATITUDE.

How Picture Dealer Fanning Was Repaid for Trying
to Do a Good Turn for Landscape Painter Marple.

One of the most curious of modern libel suits is that brought on May 15 last by W. H. Fanning against the St. Louis Chronicle. Mr. Fanning is a well known picture dealer whose headquarters are in London and New York. He is a Kentuckian by birth and was educated in Philadelphia and abroad as an artist and abandoning making pictures for selling them some ten years ago, became one of the largest handlers of water color pictures in the world. Last November he came to America with a collection of water colors of the European masters of large value. He had successful sales in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago and at the end of the month of March appeared in St. Louis with the purpose of holding a sale there.

W. L. Marple, a landscape painter, who had made some reputation in San Francisco and St. Louis, was also preparing a sale in the latter place. His collection comprised his own works and those of a few local artists. The sale was to take place on the 4th, 5th and 9th of April, a week after Mr. Fanning's. The latter had fitted up a gallery in costly style and made preparations for a dazzling display when Mr. Marple called on him and represented that his, Fanning's, sale would ruin the other one by reason of the superior quality of the pictures.

He argued that Mr. Fanning could get as good prices for his collection after his, Marple's, sale, but that he, Marple, could not sell his gallery at any price if the public saw Fanning's first. After some argument Mr. Fanning, appreciating the complimentary justice of the argument, consented to let his sale go over if Mr. Marple would pay a portion of the expense he had incurred in preparing for it. The sum agreed on was \$250 cash. When it came to the point, however, Mr. Marple offered his note at 15 days, the payment being evidently contingent on the success of his sale. Mr. Fanning refused to accept the note and opened his gallery.

The newspapers all criticised the collection honestly and, in the main, favorably, but one. That was the Chronicle. It published a savage attack upon the pictures, denouncing them as tinted lithographs, colored photographs and so on and asserting that the whole affair was a gigantic fraud. Copies of the Chronicle containing this article, it is alleged, were mailed all over the country to dealers and buyers who were known to have patronized the previous sales of the Fanning collections.

Immediately after the appearance of the article the Chronicle Publishing Company sent in a bill to Pettis & Leath, the auctioneers of the Fanning pictures, for \$10 for advertising in their public columns. When the bill was handed to Mr. Fanning for endorsement he audited it, "Pay the Chronicle Company & Co. for blackmail." Mr. Fanning alleged as his reason for making this unique endorsement that the only reason the Chronicle had assailed him was that he had not advertised in it as heavily as in the other local papers.

The sales of the Fanning collections in St. Louis were disastrous failures. The alleged industrious dissemination of the Chronicle containing the damaging article had, it is claimed, inspired the picture buyers of the city who relied principally on other ideas on art matters than their own for guidance, with distrust. Many who had purchased pictures refused to make good their bargains and altogether Mr. Fanning claimed to be put at a loss of at least \$5,000 cash.

To add to his troubles the Chronicle Publishing Company had him arrested for libel on account of his peculiar endorsement of their bill. Mr. Robinson, of the People's Theatre, and his business men became his bondsmen. When the case came up for trial it was dismissed on the ground that he could not libel a corporation in the first place, and in the second that the complainants neglected to prosecute. He then commenced suit against the Chronicle Company for libel, laying his damages at \$15,000 adding to his losses the impairment of his credit by the circulation of the paper in cities where he was known and abroad and the confusion his business was thrown into in consequence.

At the preliminary examination it was shown that the article reflecting on the character of the Fanning collection had been written by a journalist named Mills whom Mr. Marple had employed to do "press work" in connection with his own sale. The Chronicle corporation set up the defense that they had been deceived into publishing the article by Mills, who was an occasional contributor to their paper. The trial of the case is set down for September next and Mr. Fanning's counsel in New York have the prosecution in hand.

A MORTUARY BANQUET.

An Undertaker Entertains a Low Comedian in a
Novel Professional Style.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sam Hemple, the fat comedian of Philadelphia, loves a good joke. He has lost many a dollar through his merry life by devotion to the practice of joking by-play, and has taken big risks to get a "rig" on any of his acquaintances. One of Sam's weaknesses is that he can never drop the shop. He is an actor everywhere and talks of acting on all occasions. If the truth be told, Sam is rather a better actor off than on the stage, for he has an oleaginous jollity that is sure to be a "go" in real life, while it sometimes detracts from the illusions of the mimic scene.

Among his friends the Thespian counts a wealthy retired undertaker, David Schuyler, of 2080 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. This undertaker invited Hemple to dinner one day a fortnight since, the 32d anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, promising him a boss feed. Sam is fat, healthy and possessed of an enormous appetite, so he jumped at the offer and "closed" at once. When he presented himself at the house of his host he was in his jolliest mood and prepared for a good time, but he had to confess at the very start the influences were depressing, although he bore up bravely and cheerily made his way to the banquet hall through a gloom and stillness that were suggestively funereal.

He was ushered into a darkened reception-room where only some wax tapers were burning. Everywhere were dismal emblems of the host's calling. On the centre-table lay a large album containing clippings of obituary verses from newspapers all over the country, a polished skull grinned from the mantelpiece, and the carvings on the chairbacks were death's heads. In a few moments the astonished actor, now reduced to the most dismal state of woe, was ushered into the dining-room. This, too, was darkened, and wax tapers furnished the only light. The banquet table was

covered with a large velvet pall that reached to the floor and gave it the appearance of a catafalque. On this the feast was spread out bounteously, but in unique form.

The tureen at the head of the table was in shape and adornment a burial casket, from which the host daintily ladled the soup. The dishes had a fringe of black and white tissue paper about them, and the menu beside each plate bore a black border and had a skull and cross-bones printed at the top. The roast chicken in its dish had a white choker, a black neck-tie and a white dickey. The salt-cellars had black caps and long trailing mourning bands tied around them. A hearse in the middle of the table contained the baked fish, which was drawn out of the two little doors that opened at the rear. The mashed potatoes were arranged like the mounds of graves, with headstones standing. The ice-cream was moulded in the shapes of monuments and coffins, and the cuts of pie even had the same form. It was a dismal feast indeed, and Mr. Schuyler relates with infinite glee the fact that jolly Sam couldn't get up a single smile throughout the banquet.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN,"

And He Let Them Suffer, You Bet, in Obedience
to the Injunction.

William H. Ramsar, manager of the New York "Old Gents' Unsectarian Home and Asylum and Sanitarium for Young Children," was committed to the Tombs on the 5th inst. by Coroner Brady in default of \$5,000 bail.

On May 20th last a child, Bessie Slocumb, died suddenly at the Home and the doctor in his death certificate said, "Cause unknown." Coroner Brady began an inquest and at the request of Elbridge T. Gerry, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, he included in his investigation an inquest as to the death of fourteen infants under nine months of age who had died at the Home since Jan. 1, 1892. Nearly all the babies had died of inanition.

Emma McGee testified that she had been in the institution for one week and had been sent away because she had said that the nursing bottles were not kept clean. She had seen them filled with curdled milk and given to babies in that condition. When any of the babies were very sick she testified Mr. Ramsar would say, "That little baby won't live. Just let it lie there; it won't need any more nourishment." Ellen McMasters testified that she had seen milk curdled in the bottles.

The jury were out for an hour. The verdict says that Bessie Slocumb died of pneumonia but that she did not have the proper and timely assistance of a physician, owing to the neglect of the management of the institution. As to the deaths of the other children, the jury found that the general uncleanness of the institution, the presence of foul and impure air, the want of sufficient and experienced nurses and the gross negligence and incompetency of the management contributed to their death. The jury believed that the alarming death rate was chiefly due to the neglect and incompetency of the general management and service of the institution. They further found that the institution was unworthy of existence and that it would be in the interest of humanity that it be abolished; and further that the management was deserving of special censure for the manner of conducting the institution.

Coroner Brady said that this verdict was the same as though Ramsar had been accused of manslaughter in the fourth degree and fixed the bail at \$5,000.

Ramsar was taken to the city prison by two policemen.

PANEGYRICS FOR A BANDIT.

Mrs. Jesse James Hires a Lecturer and Starts
Out to Make a Show of Herself.

Mrs. Jesse James began her lecture course on her late distinguished husband at Kansas City on the 4th inst. The public didn't seem to enthuse for a cent and only a small audience was present. A Dr. Riches did the lecturing and introduced Mrs. James and her two children on the platform as a showman parades his curiosities. The Doctor, who proved to be rather an illiterate sawbones, laid great stress on the charitable acts of Jesse, which he thought were sufficient to excuse his deeds of blood. From this logical pedestal he soared into the most extravagant eulogy of the "late lamented" and his deeds of daring outlawry and finally intimated that Jesse is now "safe in the arms of Jesus."

The lecture was simply a recital of the many train and bank robberies committed during the past ten years with which the name of the dead outlaw had been connected. Mrs. Samuels, mother of the James boys, was in the hall during the lecture but was not visible to the audience. Mrs. James wept copiously the whole of the time but the absurdity of the whole proceeding stifled any feeling which might have been aroused for her or her children.

The horrible pronunciation and grammar of the lecturer created a general smile. His allusion to young Jesse as a strapping fellow caused a laugh and before the peroration, which was very flighty and disjointed, was completed the audience was leaving the hall. The party are travelling east on a regular lecture tour.

A FOUL BEAST'S CRIME.

A Young Woman Murdered by a Father who Debauched her.

There was a terrible crime committed in Springfield, Ohio, on the 29th ult. Leonard Kitzelman, a workman at the Knife and Bar Works, and husband of the notorious clairvoyant who died a few years ago, shot and killed his eldest daughter, Ollie, aged about twenty years. He claims he did it to break up a match between her and a neighbor named John Ross, and that he intended to kill Ross and Mrs. Tom Davis, another neighbor, whom he charges with encouraging the match. Mrs. Davis bravely grappled with the monster, throwing him down and grasping his revolver until he was tied by her husband and Ross, and taken to jail.

The victim lived a few hours, and was charmed enough to make a statement on her death-bed, charging her father with having raped her, and threatened her with death unless she would cohabit regularly with him, which she promptly refused to do, when he immediately fired upon her the bullet entering just below the heart. It is also charged that the brute attempted to debauch a younger daughter. He denies these charges but the belief of the officers is entirely on the side of the girl. As might be expected there are threats of lynch law.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Heroes of the Ring in Mid-Summer Bloom.

The Compliments of the Season Exchanged by the Frisky Pugs over the Continent and over the Sea.

The sporting fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic is looking forward with eager interest to the proposed great international prize fight for \$5,000 and the world's championship, between Joe Collins, better known as "Tug" Wilson, and John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world.

Wilson took his farewell benefit at Leicester, England, about a week ago and it was largely attended by the leading sporting men and patrons of the manly art who gave the champion pugilist of England a good send off before he left for America. Since Richard K. Fox sent the money to pay his passage to New York to Geo. W. Atkinson, the editor of the popular *Sporting Life* in London, Wilson, so our correspondent informs us, has been living abstemiously, and has subjected himself to a thorough course of training. Alf Greenfield writes that no matter how great a hitter Sullivan, the American champion may be, he will find when he faces "Tug" Wilson, that he is a cunning, clever and a capital two handed fighter.

"I hear," said the ex-English champion, "that Sullivan knocks all his men out of time in four rounds, but I doubt it, although it may be so. When the big match is made in America I shall go over to see the fight and I will say \$100 that Sullivan, no matter how great a wonder he may be, will not knock Tug Wilson out in four rounds nor in half an hour, if he does it at all. I am out of the business because I have no tools. I know what Tom Allen can do and I know what Sheriff and Jack Stewart can stand and I don't believe this American champion could knock any of them out in four rounds or half an hour. Of course I mean, if they were in good condition. I think Tug Wilson the hardest man I ever fought and Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, who, by the way, is a humming bird for backing fighters, must have had a tip from Tom Kelly or some of the sporting writers over here when he selected Tug and agreed to back him to fight for \$500, for that is a lot of money and more than Heenan, the Benicia Boy, fought Tom Sayers for. I heard he backed Paddy Ryan for \$500 and gave him \$200 to bet in the ring. I did not at first believe it but since I had proof that he did so I have come to the conclusion that he is a second Johnny Gideon. He has made himself famous here and I often wish my arm was sound so that I could have taken the job Tug Wilson has got. I don't know anything about Sullivan, the American champion, except what I have heard, but no doubt he is a wonder, because there are few good heavy weights in America. If Tug receives fair play, and I believe Richard K. Fox will see to that, there is every likelihood that there will be a great mill. I am sure Wilson will do his share and I hope it will take place, that there will be no breaks and that Sullivan's friends will let Joe Collins win if he can do so. Sullivan, they tell me, fights at 190 lbs. Wilson will weigh 165 lbs. In America both his science and endurance will be relied on to counterbalance the American champion's advantage in this respect. When Tom Sayers fought Bill Perry he was four inches shorter and did not weigh within 24 pounds of the Tipton Slasher. Tom weighed 154 lbs. and the Slasher about 179, so Tug Wilson is heavy enough to fight anybody. All I hope is that there will be a fight, for the match will help the prize ring and give the lads something to talk about and speculate on."

Greenfield's opinion is a fair and manly one. It will be remembered that in 1881 Wilson fought a draw with Greenfield and each claims to have had the better of the fight. Greenfield before he retired from the ring was supposed to be the cleverest pugilist in England since Jem Mace's time, so that his judgment about the abilities of the *POLICE GAZETTE*'s champion's fighting abilities is worthy of attention.

It appears, judging from the surroundings, that the strong boy of Boston does not intend to arrange any match with James Elliott unless the latter will agree to Harry Hill holding the stakes and filling the position of referee. We have no right to dictate to the champion the terms upon which he must arrange a match with Elliott but we think he should "give a little start" and accommodate the tall, scientific New York pugilist. It is customary for a champion at any game to accept all *bona fide* challenges. Elliott posted a forfeit with the *POLICE GAZETTE*, issued a fair and straightforward challenge and it was Sullivan's place to cover the money.

In a sporting house a few nights ago the *POLICE GAZETTE* correspondent heard the following interesting argument:

"It looks to me as if Sullivan is afraid to fight Elliott," said one.

"Why don't he take down his sign if he don't want to fight? He claims to be the champion and yet won't fight Elliott."

"I think Sullivan could thump him so badly in twenty minutes that he would not want another fight for a good many years," chimed in a third voice, who had been quiet so far.

"Don't you believe it. Elliott was never in better condition than he is to-day, and Sullivan would not have a walk-over as he did with Ryan at New Orleans. And then if the champion thought that he could whip him, he wouldn't let Jimmy's money go begging and the poor boy starving for a fight—as he is now. Put it down that Sullivan don't want to fight him, and won't if he can get out of it."

This was said by the tallest of the quartette, and as he finished he lifted a glass of frothy beer to his mouth, apparently satisfied with what he had said.

"But that slogging Elliott gave the 'Terror' with the gloves was enough to make Sullivan put on his thinking cap. The 'Terror' did not last long, and the last time Jimmy hit him the poor blacksmith doubled up on the floor like a thousand-jointed worm, and the crowd thought that he had gone to glory. He would not have lasted before Sullivan any longer than the champion could have got near enough to give him one. That would have been all that was wanted. Sullivan was present and witnessed the battle. At its conclusion Elliott proposed to do the same thing with anybody in the house for money, but the champion was as good as a corpse. He wants nothing to do with Jimmy."

This was said by the first one who opened the conversation.

"But," said the second, "Sullivan will have to fight him. They will make 'em do it or give up the championship, and he don't want to do that for awhile yet. He can make too much money by going around and showing himself to think of surrendering his honors yet. There will be a fight between them yet, and don't you be in too big a hurry to put up your money against the champion. He is the hardest hitter that we have had for many a day, and don't you forget it. I doubt very much if old Tom Allen could whip him, even if he were in his prime."

"Speaking about hard hitters," said No. 3, "I was in Allen's place one night while he kept on Washington avenue in St. Louis. Tom always seemed to me as a forbearing sort of a fellow, and would rather take a blow than give one, except when he was in the ring. It was then generally fit for fat. But this night we were sitting around the table drinking and talking as we are now, when three men came in, all apparently rough customers. It was just after Allen had whipped Hogan, at Council Bluffs, and consequently he was in splendid condition. They inquired for Allen, and he was pointed out to them. One of them stepped up and made some taunting remark about Allen being a blasted foreigner, and called him names. Tom laughed, and said nothing in reply. Then the largest of the three came up and slapped Tom a pretty smart blow in the face. Quicker than a flash Tom rose up and hit that fellow once, and such a blow! The man did not reel, but the blow seemed to have lifted him entirely off his feet. He went out through the large window of plate glass and fell on the sidewalk as if he had received a volley of musket balls. He recovered, but I don't know how long it took him."

On the 3d inst. a prize fight with hard gloves, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, was fought at Fisher's Lane station on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. The principals were Wm. Murphy and Billy Trappee. The stakes were \$100, and L. B. Sloughon was selected referee. The battle created no little interest as both pugilists intended business. Murphy weighed 117 pounds, and was attended by Young Mullen and James Harrison as seconds. Trappee weighed 125 pounds, and was seconded by John Collins and Leonard.

The men reached the ground at half-past 6 o'clock, and there was a dispute about the referee. At 7:10 time was called. They shook hands and the battle began. In the first round Trappee led off and forced the fighting, while Murphy acted on the defensive. The round closed by Trappee making a wild lead with his left, which was neatly stopped by Murphy, who in return landed a stinging blow on his antagonist's nose, knocking him down and causing the blood to flow freely.

The fighting in the second round was severe. Trappee rushed at Murphy with the idea of annihilating him. The latter ducked and dealt Trappee a blow in the stomach. He followed this up with one on his left eye, almost closing it. After some sparring Trappee struck Murphy a powerful blow on the jaw, when the men closed with each other. Murphy caught Trappee around the neck with his left arm and punished him severely.

In the third inning Trappee struck Murphy in the stomach, and there was considerable close fighting. The men kept this up until told to go to their corners, when Trappee began to vomit.

In the fourth round Murphy dealt his antagonist a blow on the lip which cut it open. The men sparred and danced around the ring until the three minutes expired.

The fifth round was brief, and the spectators began to get uneasy because the men would not force the fighting. Trappee was in bad condition. His face was cut and swollen, and his hands were in bad condition. They went at each other savagely, Trappee getting the worst of it. When the latter was taken to his corner he was very groggy.

In the sixth round Trappee came up slowly, while Murphy made a rush at him and soon ended the fight. He struck Trappee a blow in the stomach which stretched him on the ground and caused him to groan. He refused to continue the fight, and the battle was declared in favor of Murphy, who bore only a slight mark on his face. The time was 27 minutes.

There is every indication that Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Tom Walling, of Coal Creek, Col., will fight on June 28 within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, for \$1,000. The pugilists signed articles Feb. 25, 1882, to fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring for \$500 a side, and sent the stakes to the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, agreeing that Richard K. Fox be final stakeholder.

On May 5 the pugilists met in the ring at Bassick Rancho, Coal Creek, and nearly 2,000 persons were present, many of whom had traveled hundreds of miles to witness the fight. At 8:30 A. M. Thomas Walling arrived, accompanied by his second, Murphy. He was enthusiastically received by his many admirers. At 1 A. M. Bryan Campbell, with his second, Harry Morgan, arrived from Canon City. It soon became evident, however, that the battle would not take place, as the principals could not agree as to who should act as referee. At 10 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Paul Ross, of Canon City, arrived, which created a sensation for a few moments. He entered the ring, read the riot act, forbade the men fighting and ordered the crowd to disperse in the name of the law, but being alone and unable to enforce his authority he left the scene. In the meantime Morgan and Murphy became engaged in a dispute. They finally came to blows but were soon parted. Several responsible men were named for referee, but none was accepted. The sporting men were disgusted with the fiasco and left the scene.

In the meantime the men forwarded letters to the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and agreed to fight any place Mr. Fox might name. Letter after letter came from Colorado asking him to make the pugilists fight, and urging him not to give up the money unless they did it. Mr. Fox declined to name a referee in Colorado, fearing that he might fix on some party who might favor either one of the men. Mr. Fox received letters from Walling and Campbell to the effect that they would meet anywhere at his option. He sent the following to the *Leadville Herald*:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, N. Y., May 26, 1882.

To Bryan Campbell and Tom Walling:

As you have both decided that I shall name the time and place of fighting, and appoint the referee in your prize fight for which I hold the stakes (\$1,000), I have decided that both you and your representatives meet at Evan Morris' sporting house at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Monday, June 26, four weeks from to-day, when my representative shall appoint a place of fighting in West Virginia, within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, the fight to take place within 30 hours from noon of June 26, 1882.

This is my decision in the matter, and either party failing to appear shall forfeit the stakes.

RICHARD K. FOX.
Campbell and Walling on receiving the stakeholder's decision authorized H. C. Lee to send the following despatch:

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 31, 1882.
To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r *POLICE GAZETTE*, N. Y.:
Appoint a referee for Walling and Campbell to fight here on June the third.
THOS. WALLING,
H. C. LEE.
BRYAN CAMPBELL.

Mr. Fox then telegraphed the following:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, June 1, 1882.
To Bryan Campbell and Tom Walling, South Pueblo, Col.:

My decision is final. You will have to meet my representative at Pittsburgh on June 26. The party failing to appear will lose the money. RICHARD K. FOX.
Campbell after consulting with his backers at once set out for Pittsburgh and arrived at the Smoky City with his brother on June 6.

On the 7th inst. Richard K. Fox received the following despatch from Evan Morris, the ex-champion carman, at whose sporting house the pugilists are to meet:

PITTSBURG, PA., June 6, 1882.
To Richard K. Fox, *POLICE GAZETTE*, N. Y.:

Bryan Campbell and his brother Thomas arrived here this date.

EPH MORRIS.
The following reply was then forwarded to Walling: *POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE* NEW YORK, June 8, '82.
Bryan Campbell means business and has arrived at Pittsburgh. You must meet my representative on the 26th inst. at Evan Morris' or forfeit all claim to the stakes.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Our correspondent at Leadville writes that "Campbell is greatly disgusted with the manner in which Walling has acted and says in his letter that he does not believe that the Coal Creek dufer ever intended to fight. He has done everything in his power to bring about a meeting but Walling has as persistently fought it off. The Coal Creek backers of Walling are also anxious that the fight shall not take place and seem to be satisfied that if the two men ever do get into the ring Campbell will make short work of the man who has been trying to win reputation by blowing and not by fighting. So anxious is Campbell for the fight that he is willing to submit to any proposition that has a shadow of fairness about it, Walling may make."

"They have proposed to the friends of Walling to let the men meet and fight it out with only ten friends of each one of the combatants present. They are willing to have a meeting with a less number present."

"There have been a number of bets made on the result of the fight, not only in this place but in Canon City, Denver and Pueblo. The money is up and the men who have put it up want the dispute settled one way or the other. They are out their money and think that they have not been treated fairly. One of Campbell's backers says that the little champion is willing to have the meeting take place as soon as he can reach the battle ground. Tom Campbell says that he is not only willing to increase the stakes but to go broke if his brother does not win the battle and win it, quickly and easily. All in the world he wants is for Walling to come to the scratch."

All we had to say in the matter was published in last week's *POLICE GAZETTE* and we shall take no further action until the time arrives. If the men are in earnest they can fight for the stakes we now hold. The money was put up to be fought for and we are determined that it shall be fairly lost and won.

Sam Hurst, the "Staly Bridge Infant," who in 1850 and 1860 was looked upon as the coming champion of England, died at Mayfield, Manchester, England, May 22, of bronchitis. Hurst was a brawny specimen of humanity, standing 6 ft. 2½ in. in height and weighing 252 lbs. He was a giant in proportions and measured 49 in. around the chest. In 1860 Hurst issued a challenge to fight Tom King, John Morrissey and John C. Heenan but none of them accepted. Tom Paddock finally agreed to fight him for \$200 and the championship belt of England. The battle was fought on Nov. 5, 1860. Hurst won in 5 rounds lasting 9m. 30s. Jem Mace then challenged him to fight for the champion belt and \$200 and the match created no little excitement. Hurst was backed heavily to win. The fight took place in the home circuit on June 13, 1861. George Woody and Bos Taylor handled Mace, while Jerry Noon and Joe Hodgkiss seconded Hurst. Hurst weighed 210 lbs., Mace 152 lbs.

In the first round Mace drew the claret from Hurst's somewhat prominent nasal organ and in the seventh threw the infant a fair back fall amidst the wildest excitement and cries of "Ten to one on Mace" and "Where's your great wrestler now?" The infant's game leg made him next to useless with wrestling—his only chance with such a man as Mace.

In the eighth and last round, despite the demonstrations outside the ring to have Hurst removed, he still came up as pluckily as ever, and although so blind he could scarcely see his man, he endeavored to feel for him; and notwithstanding two severe "facers" from Mace's left, he succeeded in laying hold of but failed in keeping Mace in his grasp, owing to his weakness and the greasy state of his hands from the clotted carmine. Bob Brettie, seeing that Hurst had no chance, threw up the sponge. Time, 33 minutes. On Mace approaching the infant to shake hands, the latter commenced hostilities, denying that he was beaten, and squared at Mace, delivering right and left, when Mace was at least a couple of yards off. Mace put up his hands appealingly. There being no response in kind, he pushed his left on Hurst's nose. A scramble ensued at the ropes in consequence of Brettie forcing one of the principal backers into the ring, but that worthy being bashful on the point, Brettie threw up his own wide-awake and separated the combatants, who shook hands after fighting 33 minutes.

Hurst looked a perfect giant compared with his opponent, yet so infinitely superior was Mace in science that the "infant" was nothing more than a chopping-block and received terrible punishment. The easy victory of Mace over Hurst was not, after a short time, considered anything extraordinary beyond the fact of a clever middle-weight beating an over-grown and bulky antagonist, whose great size alone would militate against his chance with an agile opponent.

Hurst was nicknamed the "Staly Bridge Infant," owing to his great size. He was the champion Lancashire wrestler in 1859. He came to this country in 1870, and was the guest of Arthur Chambers and George Seddons.

George Rooke and Denning, the heavy-weight amateur, had quite a bout at the Alhambra, at 3 A. M., June 7. Four rounds were fought, and although Denning is heavier than Rooke, the latter out-fought him at all points. In the last round Rooke knocked the two hundred pounder down and he concluded he would box no longer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MURDERED BY LUST;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF SAVIN ROCK.

The complete history of the Romantic Tragedy by which Jennie Crainer lost her life. With exhaustive secret details of the conspiracy by which she was lured to ruin. Fully illustrated. By mail, 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
133 William street, N. Y.

O. L. N., Rosedale, Md.—He was pardoned.
W. R., Portland, Me.—Your letter was mailed.
J. J. J., Greencastle, Ind.—We never heard of him.
J. R., Cleveland, Ohio.—Yes, it is generally the custom.

F. W., St. Albans, Vt.—A letter addressed to this office will find him.

SKEP, Sumner, Ill.—Salini Morse, Bartley Campbell. E. Z. Chipman, Frederick Bock.

H. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Mike McCool is not dead. 2. He is steamboating on the Mississippi.

H. N., Tremont, Pa.—The "Life of Jem Mace," price 30 cents, contains the rules of the prize ring.

J. T., Marlboro, Mass.—In San Francisco there are several. It is understood there are only two in New York.

W. H. H., Rosedale, Md.—What do you mean by the fastest runner in the world? Do you mean 100 yards, 1 mile, etc.?

A. F., Denver, Col.—The prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan lasted 11m. Nine rounds were fought.

M. W., Austin, Texas.—Ben Caunt, the English pugilist, stood 6 ft. 2½ in. in height and weighed over 200 pounds in condition.

H. M., Pueblo, Col.—The *POLICE GAZETTE* will hold on to the stakes in the Tom Walling and Bryan Campbell prize fight until the pugilists fight.

We have a letter for Joseph Egan, Frank White, Arthur Hancock, Steve Taylor, Harry Jennings, A. M. Frey, Jim Frawley and James Elliott.

S. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. John McMahon is not married. He will shortly arrive in New York. 2. He is stopping at the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

A. McG., Chesterfield, Ill.—1. There are quite a number of amateurs and professionals who can run 100 yards in 16s. 2. L. E. Myers of New York.

G. F., Fall River, Mass.—Edward Hanlan defeated Chas. E. Courtney at Lachine, Canada, Oct. 3, 1878. 2. Hanlan again defeated Courtney at Washington, D. C., May 19, 1880.

J. D., Little Rock, Ark.—1. Joe Collins, better known as "Tug Wilson," is supposed to be, at least we have it from the best authority that he is, the champion. 2. Use tannin or rock salt.

J. P. F., Silver Plume, Col.—1. A. loses. George Seward is the only pedestrian credited with running 100 yds. in 9½s. 2. Seward accomplished that feat Sept. 30, 1844, at Hammersmith, Eng. B. therefore wins.

H. T., Toledo Gun Club, Ohio.—1. The *POLICE GAZETTE* medal for glass ball shooting is open to all comers. 2. It was shot for on June 3 and the winner broke 23 out of 25. This is better than 40 out of 100.

M. P., Peoria, Ill.—1. No. 2. Edward Hanlan. 2. No. 4. Dan Mendoza's last prize fight was with Tom Owens for 50 guineas, at Buxton Downs, Eng., July 4, 1870. Owens won in twelve rounds, lasting fifteen minutes.

W. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.—1. You are correct; Mace was presented with a champion belt at the Old Bowery Theatre in February, 1870. 2. It was the same night that he met John C. Heenan in a grand display of skill and science.

J. P., Banksville, Pa.—1. See James Weeden, No. 10 Liberty st., Pittsburgh. 2. We answer no questions by mail. 3. We would advise you to box at some of the sparring exhibitions in Pittsburgh and you may find backers or write to Owney Geoghegan, 105 Bowery, N. Y.

L. E. G., Bradford, Pa.—1. Edward Hanlan has beaten Courtney twice in match races. 2. Hanlan has rowed 5 miles in 33m. 56½s. It was in a race against time made at Chautauqua, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1878. 3. He was matched at the time to row Courtney but the latter's boat was sawed and he rowed the course over.

W. Hussey, Long Island City.—We received your protest May 17 not to pay Chas. Norton the stakes in the Norton and Frawley hard glove contest. The referee, George Rooke, decided there was no foul. Frawley waived all right to claim a foul by continuing to fight when time was called for the second round, and further, his seconds threw up the sponge in the third round as a token he was beaten and the referee declared Norton the winner. In the face of these facts we believe Norton won on his merits and on May 20 paid him the stakes.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought April 3, 1833. 2. Pete Taylor and Nick Ward seconded Bendigo while Young Molyneux and Gregson did the needful for Caunt. 3. No. 4. In the 16th round Bendigo kicked Caunt as he lay on the ground. Caunt claimed the fight but the referee declared he saw nothing that was avoidable. The battle was continued until 75 rounds had been fought in 1h. and 20m., when Bendigo fell without a blow. Caunt's seconds claimed foul and the referee decided him the winner. 5. There was no knock down during the fight. 6. Ben Caunt stood 6 ft. 3 in. in height and weighed 203 lbs.

G. R., Badsands, D. T.—1. James Elliott challenged John L. Sullivan to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$1,000 a side or he agreed to wager \$1,000 that Sullivan could not "knock him out of time" in four rounds Marquis of Queensbury rules. Elliott at the same time posted \$500 with Richard K. Fox, proving he was in earnest. 2. Sullivan never accepted Elliott's challenge only conditionally, viz., he posted \$100 with Harry Hill but not at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and agreed to meet Elliott at a sporting house, naming Harry Hill to be stakeholder, referee and also stipulated that Harry Hill should select the battle ground. 3. Elliott refused to arrange a match on these terms and the matter is at a standstill at present. 4. It is always customary when a champion is challenged and puts up a deposit with a sporting journal for the champion to cover that money and accept the challenge. Sullivan so far has failed to do so.



MIKE KEENAN,
ALIAS "BROOKLYN MIKE"—A FAMOUS SPORT.

Michael Keenan, Noted Sporting Man.

In this week's issue we publish the picture of Michael Keenan, the well-known sporting man of New York, formerly the proprietor of the Banshee at Boston. He was born in Westmeath, Ireland. He is 48 years of age, stands 5 feet 11¾ inches in height and weighs 237 pounds. He is known all over the world as "Brooklyn Mike." He is a noted sporting man, and has resided in Boston, New Orleans and Brooklyn and can be seen at every notable sporting event, no matter where it takes place. He now



R. W. BOYD,
FAMOUS OARSMAN, AND EX-CHAMPION SCULLER OF ENGLAND.

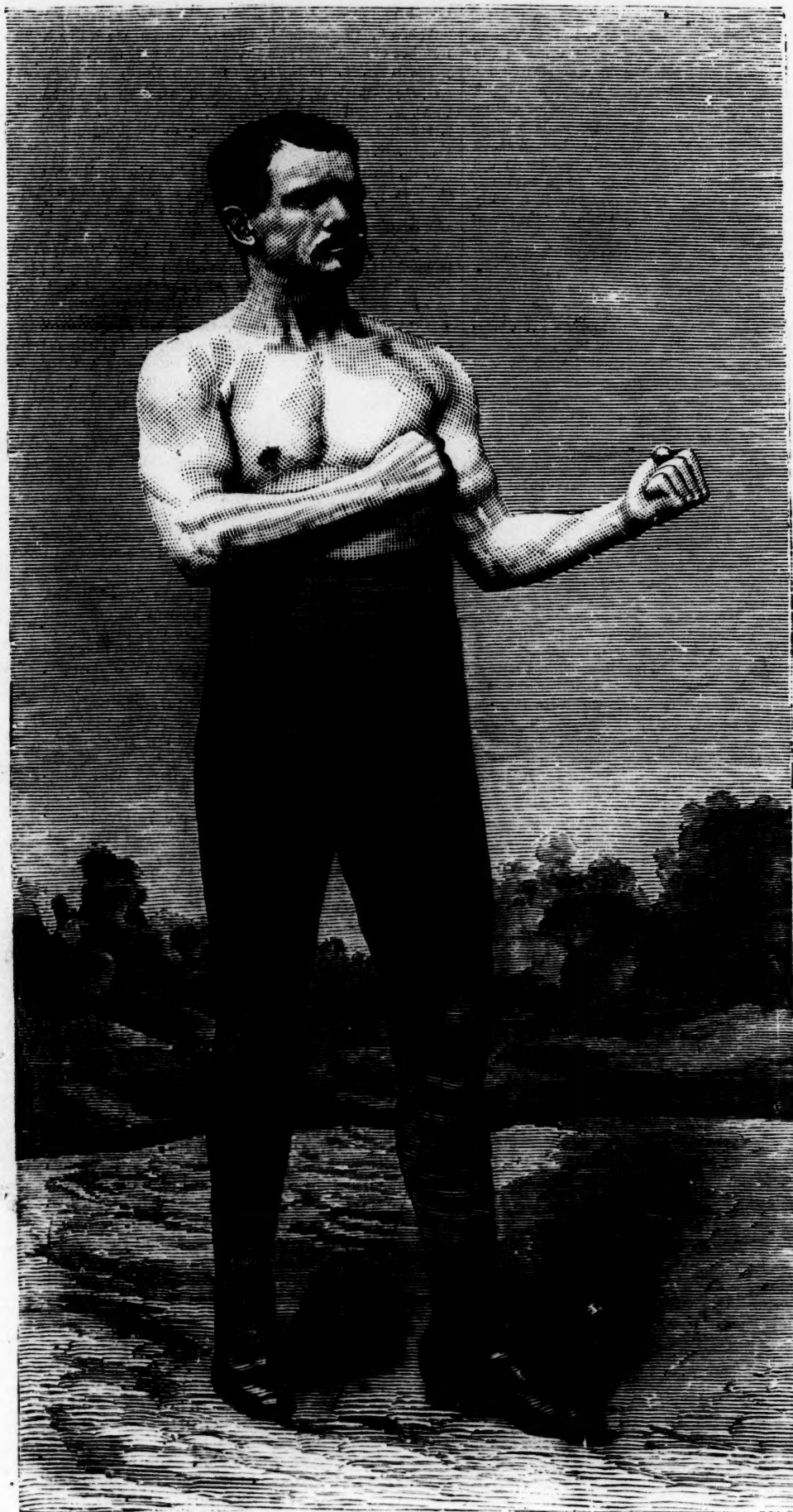


CAPTAIN JOHN HAHNFELD,
OF COLONEL SPENCER'S PROFESSIONAL STAFF.

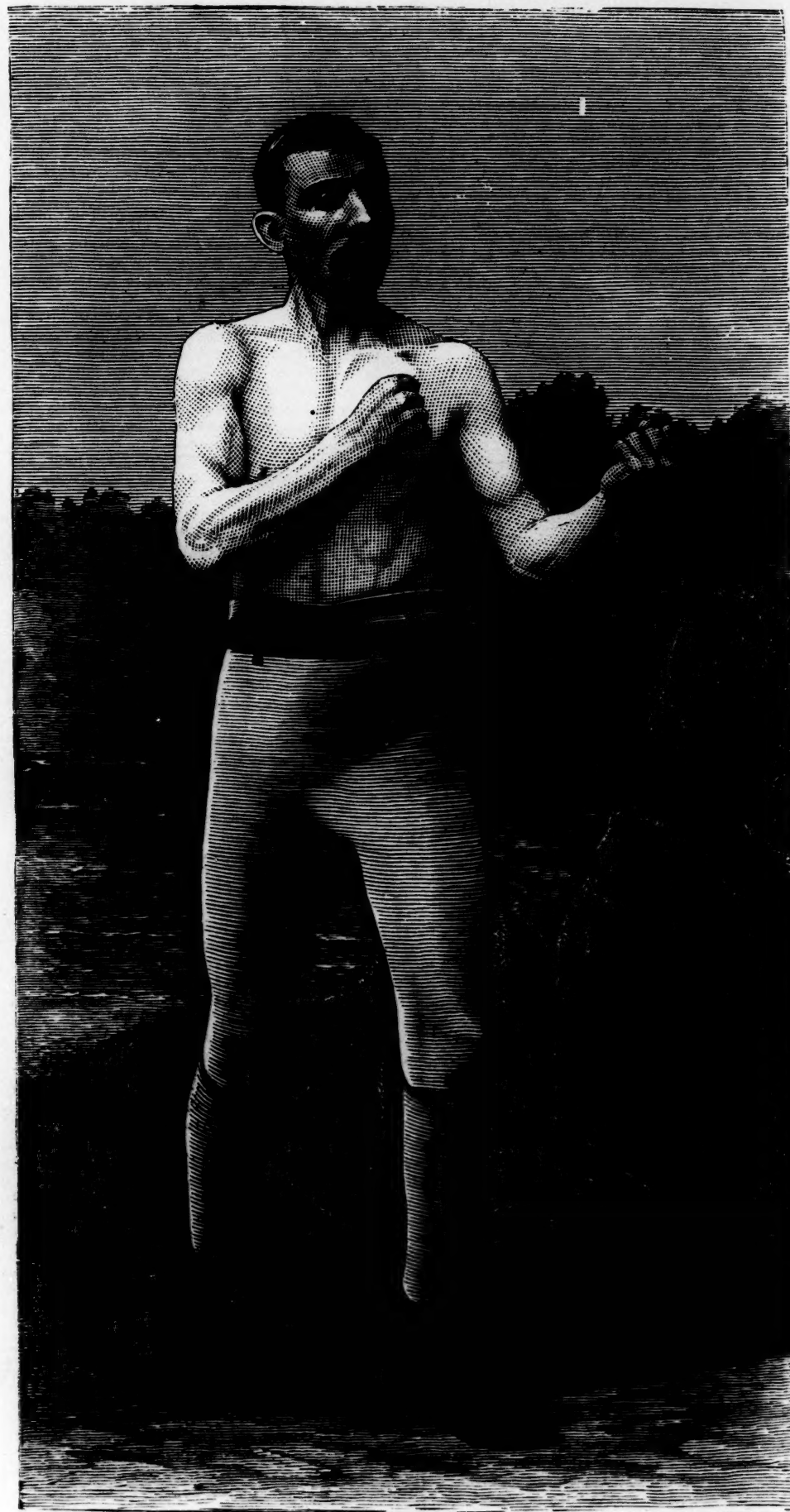
flies his colors and hangs out his shingle at the Elliott Hotel Theatre, Coney Island, near the horse-cars and Boulevard.

Jim Moran, Middle-weight Pugilist.

This week we publish the picture of Jim Moran, the English pugilist, now matched to fight Tommy Cocklin for \$400. Moran was born in West Mayo, Ireland, in 1848. He stands 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 183 pounds. He came to this country in May, 1882. He is a scientific boxer, and has figured in several battles.



JIM MORAN,
THE WELL-KNOWN MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST.



TOMMY COCKLIN,
MATCHED TO FIGHT JIM MORAN.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



"POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL

FOR THE MIXED WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The "Police Gazette" Champion Medal For Mixed Wrestling.

We present our readers with a picture of the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for mixed wrestling, recently offered for competition by Richard K. Fox. Duncan C. Ross is the present holder, having won it in two competitions. The following are the rules that govern the trophy:

Rule 1.—The POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for mixed wrestling shall be open to all comers and will be offered for competition on May 15, at the first annual games of the POLICE GAZETTE Professional Athletic Association, at Harlem River Park.

Rule 2.—The winner of the trophy will be required to defend it against all comers and accept all *bona fide* challenges.

Rule 3.—All competitions for the trophy shall be best two in three falls at the following styles of wrestling, viz.: One bout catch-as-catch-can, one bout collar-and-elbow and one bout side hold in harness. The POLICE GAZETTE wrestling rules to govern all contests.

Rule 4.—The winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal on May 15, 1882, will be required to win the trophy in two more competitions before it becomes his personal property.

Rule 5.—The POLICE GAZETTE medal will be the property of Richard K. Fox, the donor, until it has been won three times by any one contestant.

Rule 6.—The holder of the trophy shall have full power to name the time and place of each contest.

Rule 7.—The medal shall be competed for at any time the holder receives a *bona fide* challenge.

Rule 8.—The referee in all contests must be an impartial person and one well and thoroughly acquainted with the POLICE GAZETTE rules governing catch-as-catch-can, side-hold and collar-and-elbow wrestling in harness.

Rule 9.—William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall be official stakeholder in all contests for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal and shall appoint the referee and decide all questions not expressly provided for in the rules.

George H. Smith.

The subject of our sketch, whose portrait we give in this issue, is one of the youngest and most successful drivers in Ohio. He has driven more good paces than any man of his age in the country. He

is now 32 years old and for the past 12 years has handled horses at Steubenville, his home.

The first horse of any note that he drove was the chestnut mare Jennie Lind, to whom he gave a record of 2:27; then Belle Berkley, 2:34 and Doctor John, 2:25. These three were pacers. It is stated on good authority that he drove the latter horse a half mile in one minute, which is astonishing if true.

The noted pacer Sleepy George received his early and best lessons from Mr. Smith, who won with him a great deal of money, giving him a record of 2:17. At the same time he had the pacer Hoosier Dick, 2:27, and under saddle with Mr. Smith astride he got 2:19½. To the trotter Professor he gave a mark of 2:28. Then came Hibernian, pacer, 2:29; Gen'l Sherman, trotter, 2:28; Gov. Frant, trotter, 2:25½. The two pacers, Granger, 2:24, and Latrobe, 2:27; Blue Goose, 2:29, and Dolly, 2:30, both trotters.

In the big circuit last year he had in the two-mile race Lady Belle, 2:31½, two mile record at Pittsburg 5:15.

This year Mr. Smith is driving the pacers Captain Dan, green and fast, Tom Cameron and Belle Hamill and the trotters Mohawk Kate and the young stallion Forward by George Wilkes. The latter is very promising. Mr. Smith should be classed as one of the foremost drivers in the country. He has the good judgment to go away from the wire with his horse well in hand, usually making the fight in the last half mile. He teaches his horses this habit and he seldom has a duffer.

Duncan C. Ross.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Duncan C. Ross, the famous champion all-round athlete and holder of the POLICE GAZETTE medal offered by Richard K. Fox for mixed wrestling.

He was born at Scentil, Turkey, March 16, 1855; weight 195 lbs., height 6 ft. 1½ in., chest 44½ in., biceps 16 in., calf 17 in., thigh 25½ in.

Wrestled a draw with Wm. Miller at Watertown, N. Y., 1878, mixed match, three falls, time 2h. 20m.

Defeated Captain J. C. Daley at Toronto, Canada, 1879, mixed match, three falls, time 3h. and 5 minutes.

Defeated F. T. Labossiere at Bradford, Canada, 1880, mixed match, three falls, time 7m.

Defeated John O'Neill at Nahance, Canada, 1880, mixed match, three falls, time 13m.

Defeated J. S. Jackson at Nahance, Canada, 1880, mixed match, two falls, time 9m.

Defeated H. U. McDonald at Kingston, Canada, 1880, mixed match, no falls. McDonald's collar bone and two ribs broken and he failed to come to time. Time five hours and one and a half minutes.

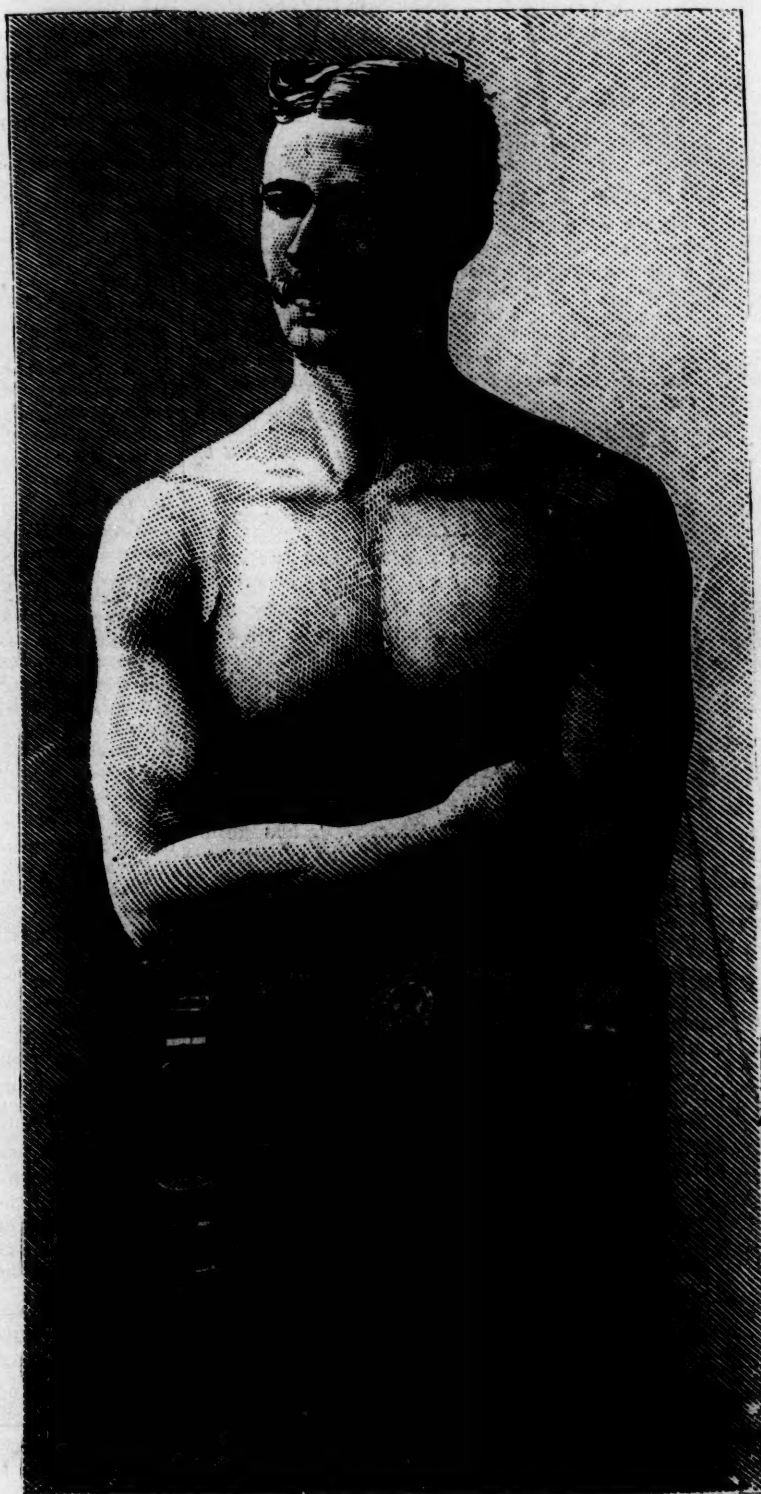
Lost match to H. M. Dufur at Marlboro, Mass., 1880, mixed match, time two hours and thirty minutes.

Wrestled a draw with Edwin Bibby at Boston, Mass., 1881, catch-as-catch-can, no fall, time one hour.

Defeated H. M. Dufur at Providence, R. I., for the championship of America, mixed match, three falls, time 2h. and 6m.

Wrestled a draw with Edwin Bibby in New York city, 1881, catch-as-catch-can, two falls each, time 2h. and 40m.

Defeated T. F. Lynch at Toronto, Canada, 1879,



DUNCAN C. ROSS.

FAMOUS ATHLETE; WINNER OF "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL.

mixed match, three falls, time 2 hours and 15 minutes. Defeated E. W. Johnston at Milwaukee, Wis., 1881, mixed match, two falls, time 20m.

Defeated A. S. Brady same night, catch-as-catch-can, two falls, time one hour and twenty minutes.

Defeated A. S. Brady at Milwaukee, 1881, mixed match, two falls, time 2h.

Defeated Frank Connor at Chicago, 1881, Græco-Roman, two falls, time 1h.

Wrestled exhibition with Clarence Whistler at St. Paul, 1881.

Wrestled exhibition with R. A. Pennell at St. Paul, 1881.

Defeated Lou Moore two matches at Louisville, 1881.

Defeated Dave Simon at Louisville, 1881.

March 10, at Louisville, Ky., defeated P. O'Donnell in a mixed wrestling match.

Since then he has figured in numerous matches. On May 15, 1882, he defeated Captain James Daly of New York in a contest for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal. He was challenged to again compete for the trophy by H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass. The match was decided at Louisville on May 27 and Ross was the victor.

A Bloody Duel.

On the 7th inst. a fierce duel was fought at the slaughter house in New Orleans between two editors—Major E. A. Burke of the *Times-Democrat*, and C. H. Parker of the *Picayune*. The Major, feeling aggrieved at certain articles that have lately appeared in the *Picayune*, sent a challenge which Parker accepted and choose Mississippi rifles as the weapons. Burke had the choice of distance and fixed it at two and a half paces. This distance was not satisfactory and there was a compromise on duelling pistols at twenty paces.

Parker was known to be expert with the rifle and that was the reason Burke's friends choose so short a distance at first. The ground selected was in St. Bernard Parish near the slaughter house. At the first fire neither man was hurt, but they would not listen to their seconds' arguments for a reconciliation. Four shots were exchanged without either being hit, the party resolving itself into a debating society on the points of personal honor, bravery and journalistic etiquette between each fire. At the fifth fire, however, Major Burke was shot through both legs about eight inches above the knees. He fell back in the arms of his seconds and the affair was over.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

GEORGE H. SMITH,

THE FAMOUS DRIVER OF PACING HORSES, OF STEUBENVILLE.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO THE TRADE.

MURDERED BY LUST;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF SAVIN ROCK;

Is a complete history of the romantic tragedy by which Jennie Cramer lost her life, with exhaustive secret details of the conspiracy by which she was lured to her ruin, and forms No. 7 of the POLICE GAZETTE Series of Famous Criminals. It is a work of great interest and power, and is splendidly illustrated with portraits and sketches by special artists, of the mysterious tragedy and the actors in it. It is destined to be one of the best selling books of the year.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

All orders for the "Mystery of Savin Rock" will be filled direct by the publisher.

RICHARD K. FOX,

183 William street, N. Y.

MIKE DONOVAN, the pugilist, has been appointed an officer on the iron pier, Coney Island.

CAPT. MATTHEW WEBB challenges any man in America to swim from one mile to ten for \$1,000 or \$5,000.

FORESTER won the rich Belmont stakes at the American Jockey Club races at Fordham, June 8, with the greatest ease.

AT San Francisco, Cal., June 23, there will be a match race between Gilmore's Red Boy and Wildmoore, of Pueblo, Cal., for \$5,000 a side.

WARREN SMITH of Halifax, N. S., has gone out with the spring fishermen, and is not expected to go into training for boat-racing this year.

JUNE 8, at the St. Louis Jockey Club races, the Jockey Club stakes, one mile, was won by Ascender in 1:46, Bondholder second and Clipsea third.

A DEPOSIT of \$500 each on Hazael, Rowell and Fitzgerald has been made, and Madison Square Garden engaged for another great foot race in October.

ON June 8th the single-scutt race between Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan was declared off on account of Hanlan's illness with malaria and typhoid fever.

JOHN BREWER of Hammon, N. J., a strong rival of Captain Bogardus as a trap-shooter, proposes starting for England next month for the purpose of meeting the crack shots in all Europe.

THE challenge of Charles Hadley to fight any colored pugilist in America one hour, Marquis of Queensbury rules, has been accepted by Merritt's champion colored pugilist, Johnson, of Bridgeport.

At a recent meeting of the Pioneer Boat Club it was decided to hold the semi-annual regatta on the afternoon of the 24th inst. The first race will be at 4 P. M. from the club-house, foot of Thirty fourth street.

At the trotting meeting of the Northwestern circuit at Red Wing, Minn., June 8, N. W. Kittson's \$15,000 pacing gelding Little Brown Jug paced a mile in 2:16½ and repeated in 2:19½—the best performances on record over a half-mile track.

HARRY EVANS, better known as "Thummy," and Panny Cooke, the English pugilists recently imported by Owney Geoghegan, made a great set-to at the Old House at Home recently. Both men displayed great science and Cooke fairly surprised the boys with his quick hitting, countering and stopping.

At Creedmoor, L. I., recently, the Amateur Rifle Club shot a match at 200, 500, 600, 800 and 900 yds., ten shots at each distance; military rifles. Sergeant Dolan won, making 124 at the first three ranges and scoring 92 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. He will prove a first-class man for the International match if he improves.

A COLLAR-AND-ELBOW wrestling match, best two out of three falls, for \$250 a side, has been arranged between William Downing of St. Albans, Vermont, and William Johnson of New York, the match to take place in private on June 19 in Boston. The money has been put up in Mr. Ed. Morse's hands, who will appoint a referee and also a place where the match is to come off.

At Lynn, Mass., recently, the John L. Sullivan combination gave a grand boxing entertainment and Sullivan made his usual offer to spar any man in the hall and would give any man \$100 to stand up before him for four rounds, but no one seemed anxious to accept. Billy Madden of New York and Patsy Sheppard of Boston then gave a fine sparring exhibition with gloves. Sullivan and Madden had a set-to with soft gloves. Mike Gillespie of Boston and Prof. John Connolly and Bob Farrell and Pete McCoy also appeared.

At Manchester, England, June 1, the race for the Manchester Cup, of 2,000 sovereigns, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, 10 forfeit, was won by Lord Ellesmere's (formerly Mr. Lorillard's) five-year-old chestnut horse Wallenstein, by Waverley, dam Lady Wallenstein, by Lexington. Mr. J. L. Davis' four-year-old chestnut colt Fortissimo came in second, and Mr. J. P. Kemble's five-year-old chestnut horse Essayez third. Fifteen horses ran. The stakes are worth about \$10,000.

In order to promote boxing in Philadelphia Richard K. Fox has notified Prof. John H. Clark that he will offer a gold medal to be competed for three times at the Olympic Garden, Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia. The trophy will be known as the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for light-weight pugilists of Pennsylvania. The first contest for the trophy will take place at Clark's Olympic Garden on June 23. It will be open to all pugilists residing in Philadelphia and the medal will be the property of the one who shall win it three times.

ON June 3 within a few miles of Station 2, Boston, Mass., Young Percy defeated Jordan Chambers. The pugilists fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Five rounds were fought with hard gloves and Percy had decidedly the best of it from the start, knocking his antagonist out in the first round, who however pluckily returned to the contest, but at the end of the fourth round had to acknowledge himself beaten and after trying one more round retired from the contest. The affair was witnessed by only a few friends of both parties.

RICHARD K. FOX's \$10,000 trotter "Police

Gazette" (formerly Emma B.), arrived in this city and was placed in the Fifth Avenue stables. A number of sporting men went up to see the famous trotter on June 5, as the horse will be entered in the grand trotting circuit. James Dustin, the well-known driver, has been engaged by Richard K. Fox to drive "Police Gazette," whose record is 2:22. Dustin left on June 7 for Iowa with his stable, and "Police Gazette" went along to trot at Cedar Rapids, on June 13. Richard K. Fox intends to buy Parana and Clingstone if their owners will sell them at reasonable prices.

FARRAGUT Post No. 75, of the Grand Army of the Republic, have decided to hold a grand festival and athletic games at Washington Park, Seventieth street and Avenue A, New York, on July 24. Eighteen events are on the programme. One of the principal features will be a one hour go-as-you-please race, open to all members of the Grand Army of the Republic who are in good standing. The prize will be one of the POLICE GAZETTE champion medals, and the winner will be the champion one hour go-as-you-please of the G. A. R. The trophy is offered by Richard K. Fox in order to encourage sport among the veteran boys in blue.

WE should like to know why the Excelsior senior four-oared crew of St. Louis has been refused the privilege of rowing at the Crere Couer Lake regatta. Is it because the Modoc Boat Club are afraid they cannot row as fast as the Excelsiors that Mr. St. John has refused the entry of the Excelsiors, or is he suffering with the disease that the stewards of Hanley and the Metropolitan English regattas are afflicted with? It is only fair to know why the Excelsiors have been barred from competing in the great rowing event and perhaps the president of the Mississippi Valley Rowing Association will give us the information. Fair play is a jewel.

THE first of the eight glass ball shooting contests for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for glass ball shooting, was decided at the Lone Fisherman's Inn, Erie, Pa., on June 3. Over 200 people were present. The condition of the shoot was the best score with rifle out of 25 balls, 13 yards rise, rotary trap with rifle. The contest was entered into with a great deal of spirit and was participated in by the following marksmen: Jesse Reeves, Sharon; J. Black, Pittsburg; J. Doran, Ashtabula; Will Collins and Fred Brockway, Ripley, N. Y.; John Loomis, North East, Jacob Forness, Charles Finch, W. W. Derby, Jalc, Graham, Free Noble, John E. Graham, T. W. Jarecki, Chas Vanatten, W. A. Tracey, of Erie. The best score made was that of Jake Graham, 23 out of 25 straight, and he will wear the badge until Friday, June 16th, when the second shoot will take place.

ON June 6 Richard K. Fox received the following challenge to publish in the POLICE GAZETTE. No deposit accompanied the deft, but the sporting man is well known and evidently means business:

NEW YORK, June 6, 1932.

To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir: I have a pugilist I will match to fight John L. Sullivan, the champion, in accordance with the Marquis of Queensbury rules for any sum from \$500 to \$1,000 a side, the fight to take place Sept. 1, 1932. I mean business, and on receiving a reply from the champion I will be prepared to meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office or at John H. Cusack's sporting saloon, No. 11 Broadway, where we can agree upon a stakeholder and referee and sign articles. JAMES CULLEN.

P. S.—As soon as Sullivan announces he will meet my champion my money is ready. J. C.

At Boston, Mass., the great six-day race, ten hours per day, horse versus bicycles, which began on May 29, ended on June 3. Charles Leroy piloted the horse and Fred Rollinson and J. S. Prince rode the bicycles. The race could hardly be termed a fair test from the fact that the riders of the bicycles were allowed to change each hour, while the horseman kept his saddle all the time, thus riding ten hours a day against five hours each for the bicyclists. The privilege of using as many horses as he pleased was accorded the rider, and accordingly he had an excellent stud of ten horses, in order to frequently change, thus always having a fresh animal, as by this method he was prepared to change horses each five miles. The race resulted in a victory for Le Roy, who covered 10 miles more than the bicycle riders. The race was witnessed by 80,000 people. The score at the finish was, Le Roy 736, Prince 331, Rollins on 356 miles. In our next issue we will publish pictures of Prince and Rollinson.

SPORTING men in San Francisco, Cal., are excited over a proposed prize fight between Owen Judge, whose portrait appeared in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, and Fred Marshall, both well known among the pugilistic corps on the Pacific Slope. The pugilists recently met at Patsy Hogen's well known sporting drum in Market street, San Francisco, and signed articles of agreement to fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring with hard gloves for \$1,750, Judge's backers laying \$1,000 against Marshall's \$750. Ned Buckley, the noted sporting man of the Adelphi theatre, is the final stakeholder. The fight is to be decided within 100 miles of San Francisco. Marshall stands 6ft. 1in. in height and weighs 170 lbs. He has never appeared in the ring and does not appear to possess any of the essential qualities requisite to make a pugilist. All of the leading sporting men are aware that he cannot defeat Judge and why they are risking \$750 on Marshall is a mystery. It is our opinion that the gate money flend is in the background and that the parties who are behind Marshall anticipate a large haul. Marshall is a heavy, muscular man but George Smith, a boxer of the Pacific Slope, who weighs 148 lbs and stands 5ft. 7in. in height, fought Marshall to a stand still in 5 minutes, so that he must be a poor specimen of a champion to pit against Judge.

ONE of the fiercest dog scrimmages that has occurred in the vicinity of Boston for some time came off recently, some 150 of the "fancy" being present. The canines were Sport, a red bull terrier, weighing 31½ pounds and the victor of a dozen battles, and Ned, a white and yellow imported bull terrier, weighing 29½ pounds. The betting was heavily in favor of Sport, as it was Ned's first fight. The stakes were \$100 a side. On the dogs being faced Sport got a hold on Ned's ear and for 20 minutes dragged him around the pit amid great excitement. Betting was three to one on Sport with but few takers. Ned finally succeeded in getting away and got a firm grip on Sport's jaw. Both dogs fought well, but in 15 minutes Ned had broken Sport's jaw. Inside of 45 minutes Ned had virtually won the fight, but Sport was game and fought fiercely for 1 hour and 5 minutes. Betting at once changed, with few takers at even. On the dogs being

scratched both went back well, particularly Ned, who acted like an old fighter. Sport was unable to do any damage, and Ned broke both of Sport's forelegs in quick time, and, until the close of the battle, which lasted 2 hours and 26 minutes, badly chewed Sport, who was unable to come up on the calling of the second scratch. Sport died in 12 minutes after being taken from the pit, while Ned had but a cut in his ear, on under the foreleg, a hole in his head and an old cut reopened. Considerable money changed hands, as the betting was heavy. Ned is shortly to be matched with the dog Pilot.

OUR correspondent at Cincinnati says that on June 4, Duncan C. Ross, of Louisville, Ky., and John Theurer, of Hamilton, the champion of Ohio, wrestled for \$50 and two-thirds of the gate money. The Opera House in Hamilton was the scene of the contest. An immense crowd was gathered. The conditions were Greco-Roman style, POLICE GAZETTE rules. The match was won by Theurer who won the falls, one of them by a foul. Theurer won the first bout in 16 minutes, Ross won the second. The third round was begun very cautiously by both. At last, in the excitement Ross grabbed Theurer by the legs, and spinning him around like a top, threw him to the floor. Theurer cried foul, and claimed the match, and the house took it up. Ross came forward and admitted it to be a foul, but gave his word that it was a mistake, and done unintentionally, as he was used to wrestling catch-as-catch-can style, and in the excitement he had forgotten himself. After some debate, he said he would not claim the match or plead the baby act, but would give the match to Theurer. He then said that this was all he could do, and was sorry for the mistake, but would ask Mr. Theurer to come forward and finish the round just for a test. Theurer stood upon his dignity and refused to come out or be coaxed out. The sympathy then all went to Ross, and he was cheered for several minutes. Theurer, by his action, which, no doubt, was caused by a distrust of his ability to throw Ross, cost him many friends, and all condemned him roundly. He won on a foul, but it did not add to his reputation. Ross is determined to try it again if he can induce Theurer to accept a challenge. Captain Travis was the referee.

THERE are prospects of a great and novel wrestling match for \$2,000 John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, sends forth a sweeping challenge to the world. He has forwarded \$250 forfeit to Richard K. Fox, with the following challenge:

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., June 3, 1932.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: Please publish in the sporting department of the POLICE GAZETTE that I am prepared to wrestle any man in the world, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Also publish the following challenge. I am prepared to wrestle any five wrestlers in America, collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, for \$1,000 a side. I will arrange a match and wager \$1,000 that I can throw any five wrestlers in America, one fall each, inside of ten hours, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the referee and I do not care if the five wrestlers comprise H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Cox, of St. Albans, Vt., Decker, of Fairfield, Vt., Wm. Johnson, of Rutland, Vt., and H. M. Flagg. To prove I mean business I send a forfeit of \$250 to the POLICE GAZETTE, and will be in New York in time to arrange a match when I hear from the many champions. If my proposition is not accepted I will wrestle any man in the world, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, for \$1,000 and the championship, and will wager an extra \$500 I am not defeated. Yours, JOHN MCMAHON.

This business-like challenge should bring out the wrestling combination and lead to a great match. McMahon's \$250 now in our care proves that he means business. Who speaks first?

THE prize fight between Bennie Greene, of Providence, R. I., and Jim Murray, of New York, who recently signed articles of agreement to fight Marquis of Queensbury rules with hard gloves for \$300 a side, took place at Coney Island on June 10. Both pugilists had been in training some time, Murray under the care of Frank White and Greene in the hands of Charley Norton. The battle was to have been fought on an island in Boston harbor on June 5 but the authorities stopped it. The stakeholder then ordered the pugilists to fight on June 10 at Coney Island and they agreed to do so. Frank Stevenson and John Styles had charge of the affair. A large crowd went to the trysting place. Among the sports present were Charles Thorne, Ed. Matthews, E. F. Malahan, Eddy Hanley, George Rooke, George Corson, George Mason, Frank Stevenson, Wm. H. Bost, "Crow" Murray, Charley Johnson, James Patterson, Johnny Cash, "Funny" Cooke, Harry Evans and a host of other sporting men. The pugilists were ready for the mill at 5 A. M. Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, was chosen referee. Johnny Roche and Eddy Hanley were the umpires. Larry McCarthy and Dan Doherty seconded Murray and Jimmy Elliott and Charley Norton seconded Greene. The pugilists had to fight rounds of three minutes' duration with one minute rest between each round. Both pugilists toed the scratch at 5:15 A. M. Two rounds were fought and the third had been begun when the mounted police made a descent. The crowd clamored to the roof and jumped through the windows in a wild stampede. Murray was arrested before he could escape, as was also his second, Dan Doherty. Ned Malahan was also detained but escaped. Johnny Murphy, Eddy Matthews and George Rooke escaped arrest by jumping from the windows. It is impossible to decide how the battle would have ended had the police not interfered.

HANLAN, the champion oarsman, has been prostrated by a siege of malarial fever at Toronto. He contracted it on May 28 when he rowed for the benefit of a few friends on the Harlem river. He has recovered but the sickness has greatly injured his chances of defeating Wallace Ross in the coming race for \$2,000 and the championship of the world. The champion writes that a week or so may bring back his strength but there is little probability that he will be able to meet Ross. It would be too bad to see him beaten at this stage of his successful career and we hope that he will try to postpone the race or forfeit rather than row if he is not able to come to the starting point in racing form, and in our mind it is impossible for the champion to do so. Dr. McFarlane, Hanlan's physician, says it takes several weeks for a patient afflicted with malaria to recover from the effects of the American scourge. If Hanlan is not able to regain his racing form he should try and induce Wallace Ross to postpone the race, even if he had to pay for a limitation. Of course if Hanlan is not able physically or otherwise to row the race on July 3 Ross' backers have the power

to claim forfeit but under the circumstances we do not think they would do so. If they are thorough sporting men they would prefer to do only what is fair and just in the matter. As it is we think Hanlan will be foolish to attempt to row Ross on July 3, for he will require to be in A No. 1 condition to beat Ross, who has greatly improved. Our advice to Hanlan is to give Ross a consideration and try to induce him to postpone the race until August. It is Hanlan's duty to do so for the benefit of himself and his friends who will stake hundreds of dollars on the issue of what promises to be a great contest. If Ross refuses to accept the champion should pay forfeit and arrange a race for double the amount. This is not only our advice but the opinion of all of Hanlan's admirers.

ARRANGEMENTS were completed at the POLICE GAZETTE office June 9 for a six-day go-as-you-please race for the female long distance championship of America. The race will be managed by James L. Kernan, the manager of the Monumental Theatre of Baltimore, Md., who offers \$1,500 in prizes. It will commence at Baltimore, Md., on Monday, June 19, and end Saturday, June 24. Miss Amy Howard, the champion six day female pedestrian, has been put in the race by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. The following well known lady pedestrians have also entered the race: Miss Maria Rockwell, Miss Carrie Anderson, Jennie Sill, Madam Tobias, Miss Ellen Stewart and Amy Howard. The first prize will be \$700, second \$500 and \$300 to third. The following is the agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 9th day of June, 1932, between J. L. Kernan, proprietor of the Monumental Theatre, Baltimore, Md., of the first part, and the several ladies who may contend, of the second part:

Witnesseth that the said J. L. Kernan, of the first part, hereby agrees to give the sum of six hundred and twenty-five (\$625) dollars in prizes, the same to be hereafter specified for a six days' go-as-you-please match of one hundred and forty-two hours. That each of the several ladies hereby agree to make not less than three hundred miles, and the first lady so making three hundred miles or more, or the most miles after said three hundred miles, shall be entitled to receive the first prize of three hundred dollars (\$300), and the second lady who makes the second greatest distance after the aforesaid three hundred miles, shall receive the second prize of two hundred dollars (\$200), and the third lady who shall make the most miles after the aforesaid three hundred miles, shall receive the third prize of one hundred dollars (\$100), and the fourth lady who shall succeed in making the next greatest distance after the aforesaid three hundred miles, shall receive the fourth prize of twenty-five dollars (\$25), and in the event of neither of the said lady contestants covering three hundred miles, then in such an event the said lady contestants each and every one, forfeit all claim to the aforesaid prizes. And the said J. L. Kernan hereby agrees to pay the railroad fare of each contestant to Baltimore, and also their board for said week of contest. And the several lady contestants hereby agree to conform to all the separate and several rules governing a six day's go-as-you-please race as laid down in the Sir John Astley rules, and also comport themselves with decorum in all things, and for the non-fulfillment of same, we forfeit all claim in said contest.

In witness whereof we hereunto subscribe our names,

AMY HOWARD,
CARRIE ANDERSON,
MADAME TOBIAS,
MARIA ROCKWELL,
ELLEN STEWART,
JENNIE SILL.

WHAT promises to be the most interesting wrestling match ever witnessed in this country was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently. The contest is to be for the championship of the world at catch-as-catch-can style for a stake of \$1,000. The principals are Joe Acton, the champion of England, who is pronounced to be the most scientific wrestler in the world at Lanashire style, and Edwin Bibby, of Providence, R. I., the recognized champion of America. Acton was recently imported by Arthur Chambers, the ex-champion light-weight, who sent to England for him on purpose to match him against Bibby, Clarence Whistler or Andre Chrisol. Acton, some time since, posted a forfeit with Frank Queen and issued a challenge to wrestle Bibby, catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 a side. Bibby, however, would not accept any challenge or consent to do any business through that journal and no attention was paid to it. The American champion, however, posted a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and agreed to meet the Englishman. Acton noticed the latter's communication and agreed to meet him on June 7 to arrange the match. When it was announced these rival wrestlers were to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office a large crowd of sporting men assembled to assist at the preliminaries of their proposed bout. Bibby was not present but was represented by Tommy Ray and John Purcell. Acton was on hand with Sam Berry, the well known wrestler, and other sporting men from Philadelphia. Both sides were in earnest and soon came to terms. Acton was anxious to wrestle catch-as-catch-can but Bibby's backers wanted the match to be decided in Greco-Roman fashion.

Acton insisted however, and Tommy Ray finally agreed to the former's proposition. The following articles of agreement were then drawn up and signed: Articles of Agreement, entered into this seventh day of June, A. D., 1932, between Joe Acton, of Wigan, England, and Edwin Bibby, of Providence, R. I. The said Joseph Acton and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby agree to wrestle at catch weights, catch-as-catch-can, for five hundred (\$500) dollars a side and the championship of the world. The said match to take place in the city of New York on Saturday, July 5, 1932. In pursuance of this agreement the said Joseph Acton and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby post the sum of three hundred (\$300) dollars a side to bind the said match, and do agree that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall be the final stakeholder. The final deposit of two hundred (\$200) dollars a side shall be posted with Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, on Saturday, June 24, 1932, before the hour of 3 P. M. Either party failing to post the forfeit at the time and day agreed upon, do hereby agree to forfeit the amount now deposited with Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder.

Witnesses: JOE ACTON,
SAMUEL BERRY, THOMAS McLAUGHLIN,
JOHN PURCELL, for EDWIN BIBBY.
Bibby arrived from Providence, R. I., a few minutes after the meeting, and after reading the articles of agreement said everything was satisfactory to him. There is at present every indication that the match will be the most exciting ever witnessed.

The Fighters Get Their Fine Work In at Last.

The raid by the Brooklyn police on the pugilists Bennie Greene and Jim Murray, did not at all frighten them either. Murray was released, as there is no law

The leading Sporting House of the Pacific Coast is kept by **Patsy Hogan**. Sporting matters of all kinds attended to. Matches made; articles of agreement drawn up, etc., etc. Sparring and singing nightly.

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